Funny Folks

By

E. M. Howarth

EX LIBRIS
WHITNEY MUSEUM
OF
AMERICAN ART
10 WEST 8TH STREET · NEW YORK

F. M. Howarth

FUNNY FOLKS

BY

F. M. HOWARTH

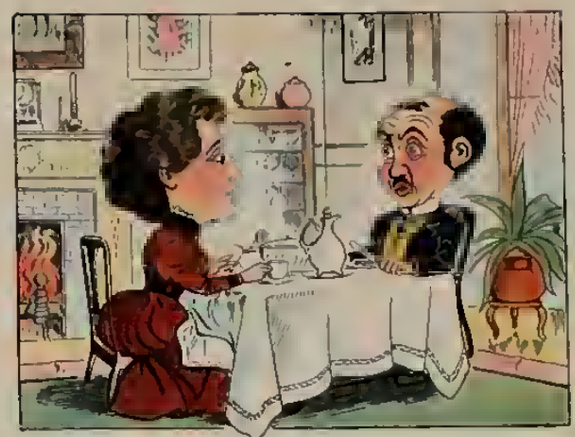
NEW YORK E. P. DUTTON & CO

LONDON J. M. DENT & CO 1899

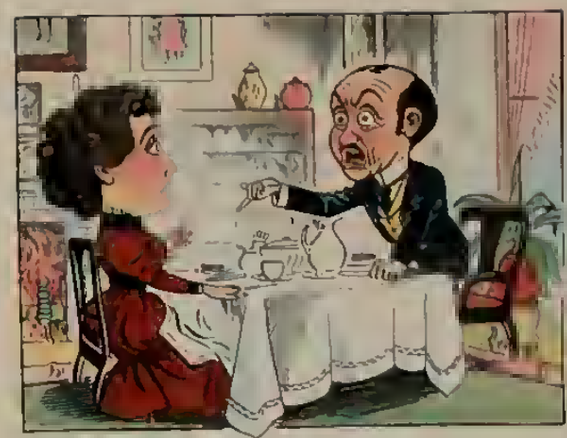
The illustrations in this book have appeared in "Puck," and are reproduced by the kind permission of KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, publishers of that periodical.
Copyright by KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Copyright, 1899, by E. P. DUTTON & CO.

This book is published in Great Britain by the courteous permission of Mr. JAMES HENDERSON, the proprietor of the English copyright.



MRS. BOWERS.—James, I wish you would bring me home a five-pound box of those dollar-candies to-night. I am going to have a few friends here this evening.

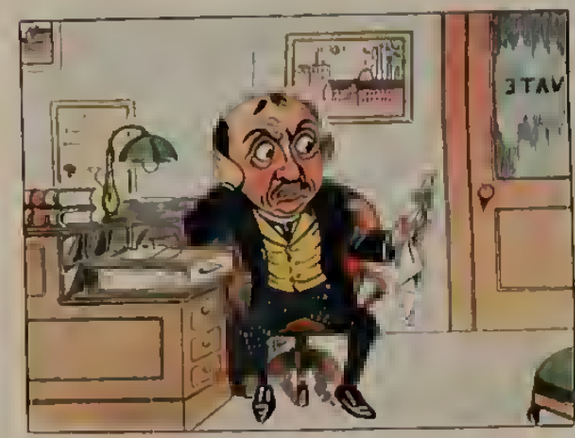


MR. BOWERS (*angrily*).—Look here, Mary Bowers! this extravagance is going too far. Five dollars for candy! Not on your life! What do you think I am made of? Money?

MRS. BOWERS.—There are more ways than one of handling a man. I think he *will* bring me that candy home. I'll tie a knot in his handkerchief, and not tell him a word about it.

MR. BOWERS.—The idea of a woman wanting a man to buy her five dollars' worth of candy! I don't know what women are coming to, anyway. It makes me hot under the collar.

"Eh! what is this? A knot tied in my handkerchief! Something she told me to remember, and tied this knot so I would not forget it. Let me see: it was n't the candy, for I refused her that. Now what in the world can it be?



"This is awful! I have n't been able to attend to business all day for thinking of this confounded knot. Think all I can, I can't remember anything she told me not to forget.

(*On his way home*).—"I would n't care so much, only Mary has been telling me that I am losing my memory. She will have an awful one on me when I tell her I could n't even remember after a knot was tied in my handkerchief.

"I hate to deceive her, but the only way out of this scrape for me is to resort to a strategic lie. I'll buy her that candy. It will please and surprise her, and she won't have the nerve to ridicule me for not remembering what the knot was for. Happy thought!"

MRS. BOWERS.—Oh! you dear, good, sweet man! You don't know how thankful I am to get this candy! How kind to you to surprise me!

MR. BOWERS (*aside*).—Say! It is a shame to deceive such a sweet woman as that is, n't it? I had to do something to get out of the hole, though! She has forgotten all about the knot. Oh! I have got a great head! I have!

ONE WOMAN'S STRATEGY.

COPYRIGHT 1913, BY CHARLES S. REINHARDT

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Metropolitan New York Library Council - METRO

http://archive.org/details/funnyfolks00howa

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

WILD-EYED PARTY.—Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Weow!

FIRST PEDESTRIAN.—Police! Police!

SECOND PEDESTRIAN (as he dives out of the mash). Help! Help!

OTHER PEDESTRIANS.—Shoot her! Stop her! She's runnin' amuck!

"LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE."

WILD-EYED PARTY (pointing).—Howd'ye th' mother and sez, anyway, he yezzed! Here Oi ve been chasin' yez fur two blocks t' git dis knife sharpened, and yez niver let on yez heerd me.

BRAINS ENOUGH FOR THAT.

CHOLLY SAPHEAD is not what would be called a brainy man, but he manages to get off a bright thing every time he meets a lady on the street.

AN UNFORTUNATE RELEASE.

THE BIG BOY.—Oh, golly! here's fun! I'll just stuff his Nobs' mouth up wid this rag.

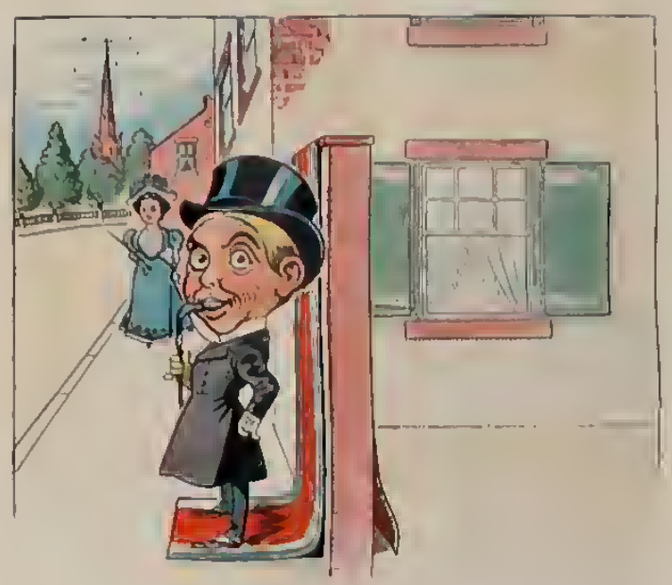
"There! Now wait until some busybody comes along!"

THE IMMACULATE ONE (angrily).—Aw, just see what some naughty boy has done. I will remove the obstruction.

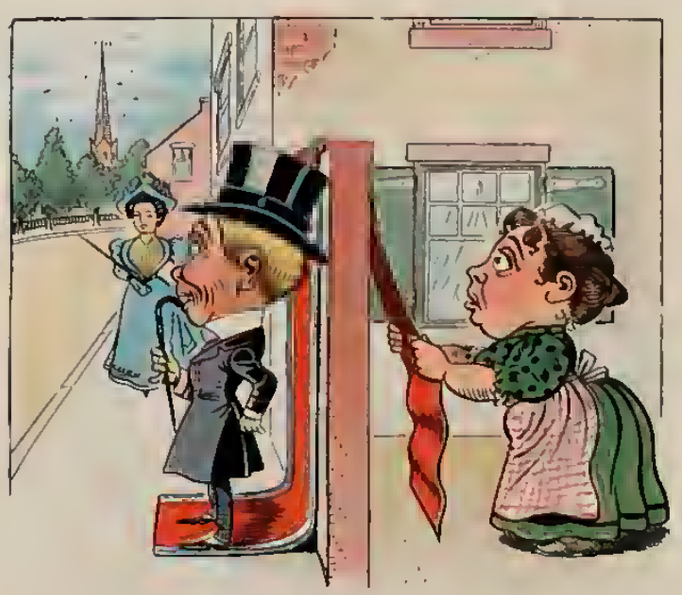
THE IMMACULATE ONE (at the first sip of water).

BRIDGET (*who has finished beating the carpet*).—Ol 'll just t'row it over th' wall an 'let it air a bit.

CHOLLY MASCHER.—Aw! here comes a fine piece of work! I 'll just wait here till she passes

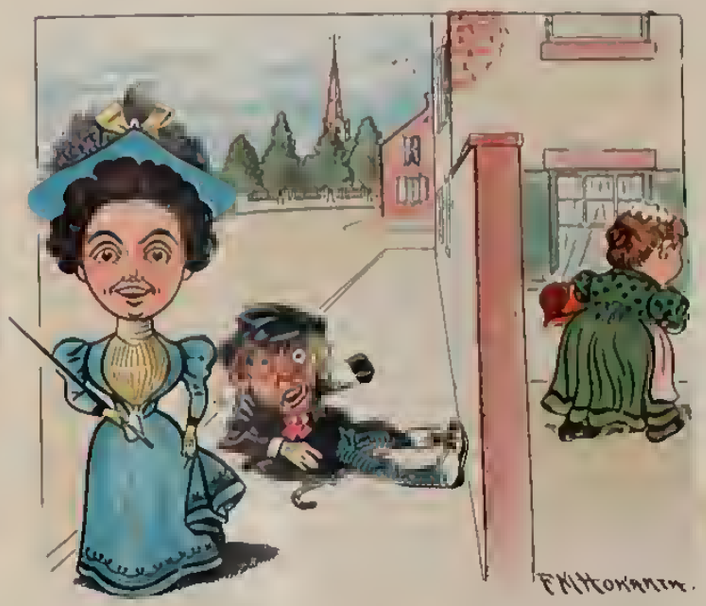


"How fortunate! I can stand on this carpet and not get my feet damp. Now just watch me make her smile at me!"



BRIDGET.—Sure, Ol niver thought! Somebody moight shtale th' carpit. Ol 'd better pull it over ag'in.
CHOLLY MASCHER.—Ah! there, my peach!

BRIDGET.—There sames to hov bin some t'ing an th' ither ind av thot carpit



CHOLLY MASCHER.—I don't see what she has to smile at!

AN UNFORTUNATE PULL.

THE TOO LIFE-LIKE PORTRAIT AND THE TOO DEMONSTRATIVE WIDOW.

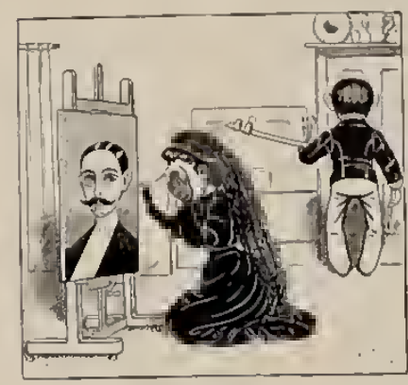
THE WIDOW.—I would like you to paint me a picture of my dear departed husband.

THE ARTIST.—By the Great Michael Angelo! I feel the inspiration! I believe this is going to be my masterpiece! Such a strong face!

"AH! It is finished! After days of painful toil. It will win me great honor and renown.

A knock! Perhaps it is the widow.

"By George! It knocks her speechless.



"Such expression of feeling is too sacred for my eyes to look upon.

"It appeals to all her very soul. I knew that picture would make my fortune.

"Merciful Heavens!

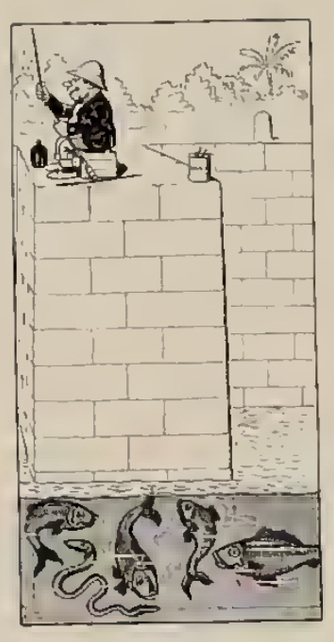
"THE APPAREL OFT PROCLAIMS THE MAN."

And then to tell me she would send me a bill for a new black dress and veil!"

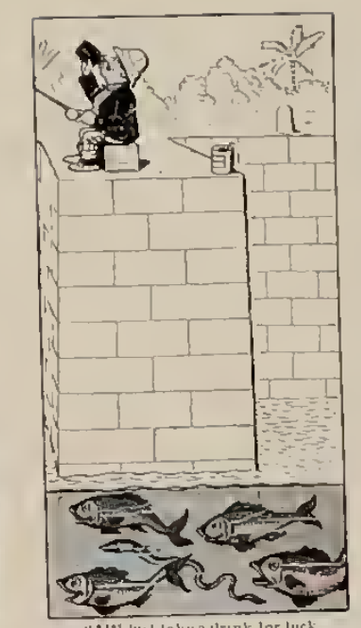
LEARNING TO SWIM IN AFRICA.

Deep water from the start, and no fear of drowning.

A FISH STORY FROM FLORIDA

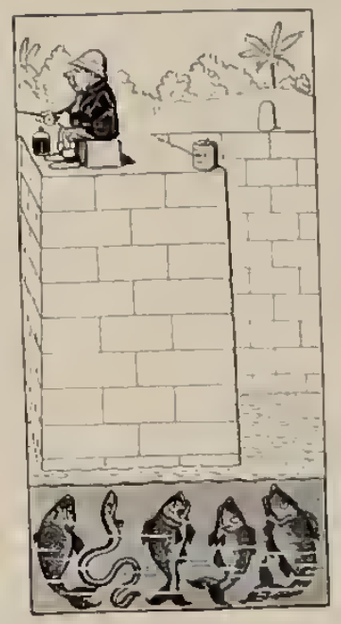


WALTON.—By the number of fish around here I ought to take home a big mess to-day

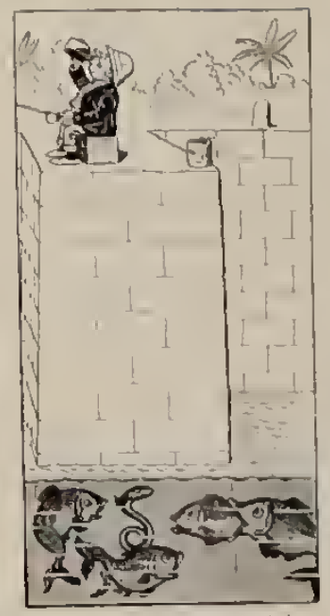


"I'll just take a drink for luck, to begin with"

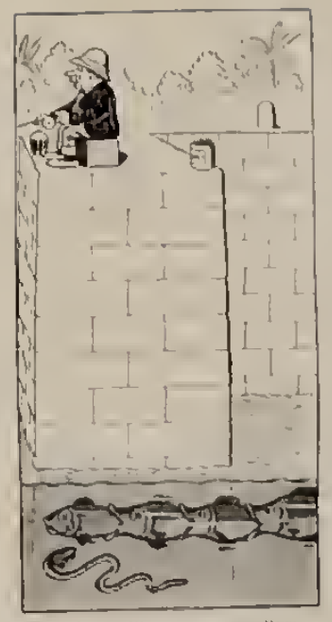
BIG FISH.—Say! don't touch that worm. It's on a hook, and it will be the last of you if you do



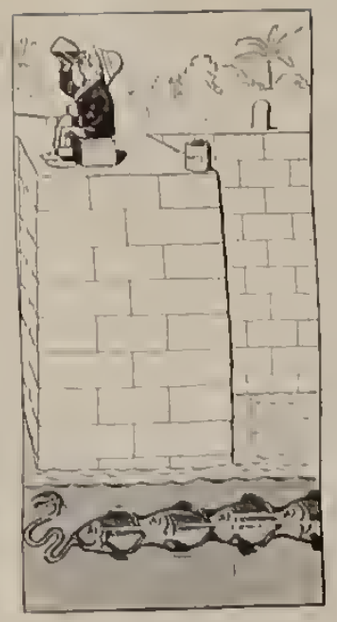
"Now, up there is a fine lot of nice, fat worms. If we could only get them!



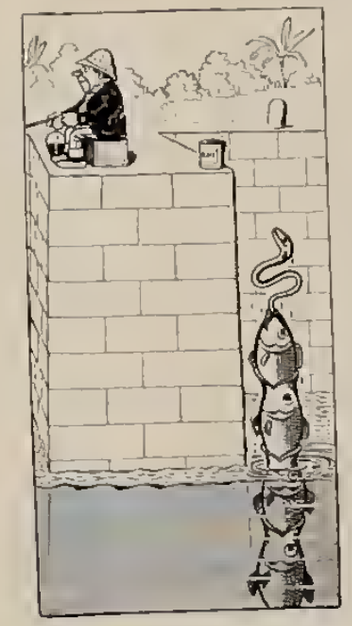
"I believe we can get that bait all right.—SAY! Pinny, just let me swallow a part of you. Ah! that's the idea!



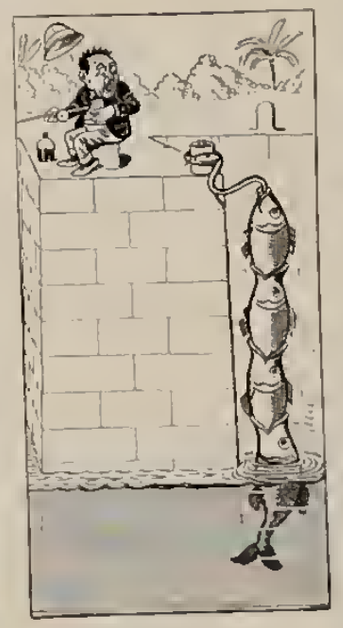
"NOW, Pinny, you swallow young Scales. Good! Now Scales, you catch into Gills in the same way.—That's out of sight!



"Now, Gills you take in a part of Tails.—Fine! Now we are ready for that bait

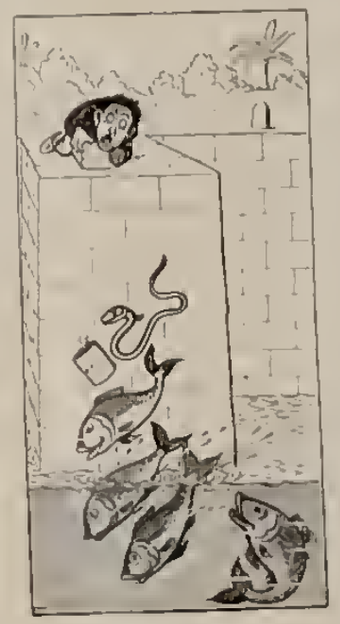


"Now, all together

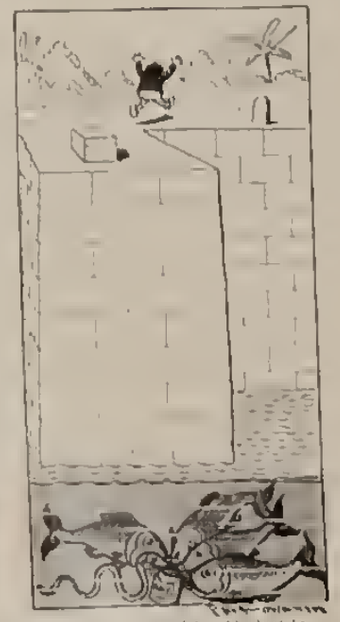


"Steady! Steady! Now just give yourself a twist around the out. Bels!

"Hold on tight! Now all together! *Drop!*

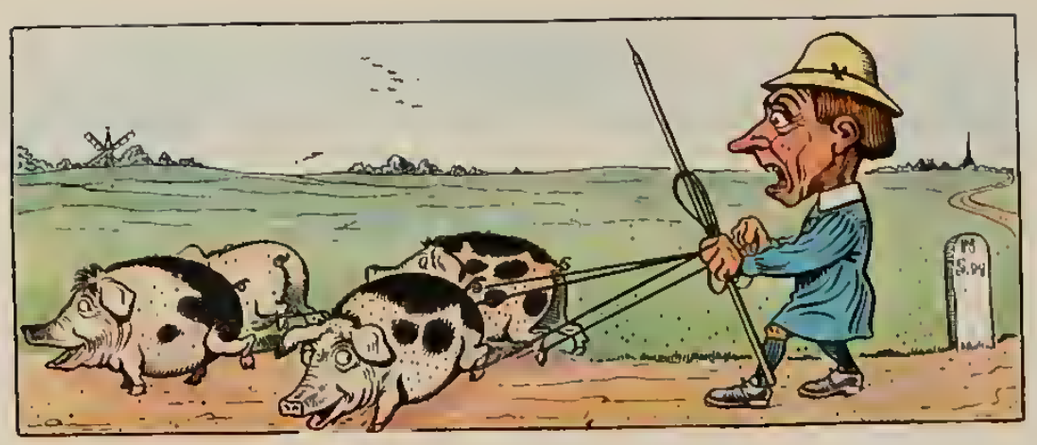


"Gate! Let go!"

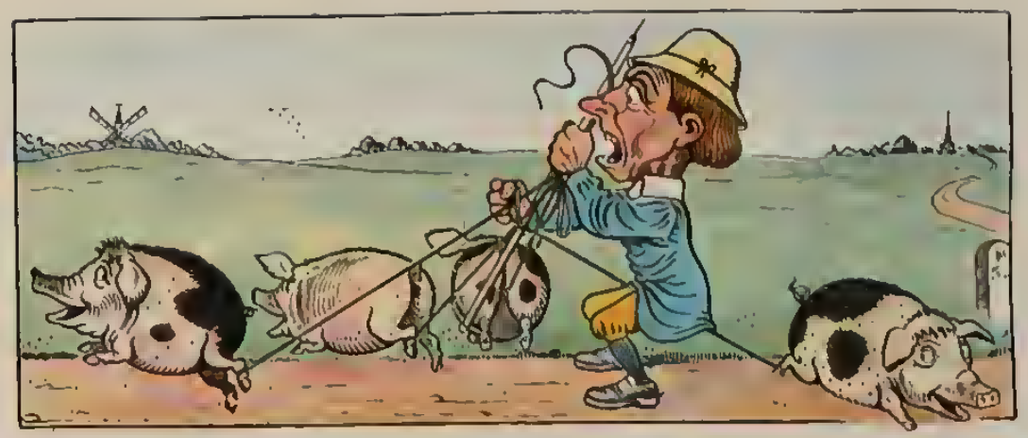


WALTON.—Good Land! Just to think a pint of whisky makes me see thing.—I can't get to that thing short enough.

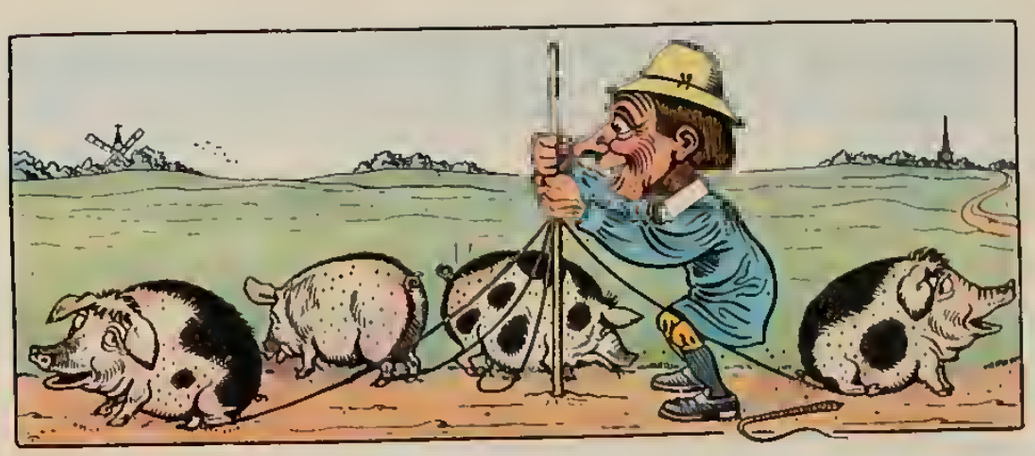
DIFFERENT.—Well, friends that was a great act well acted. We have enough bait here for a week.



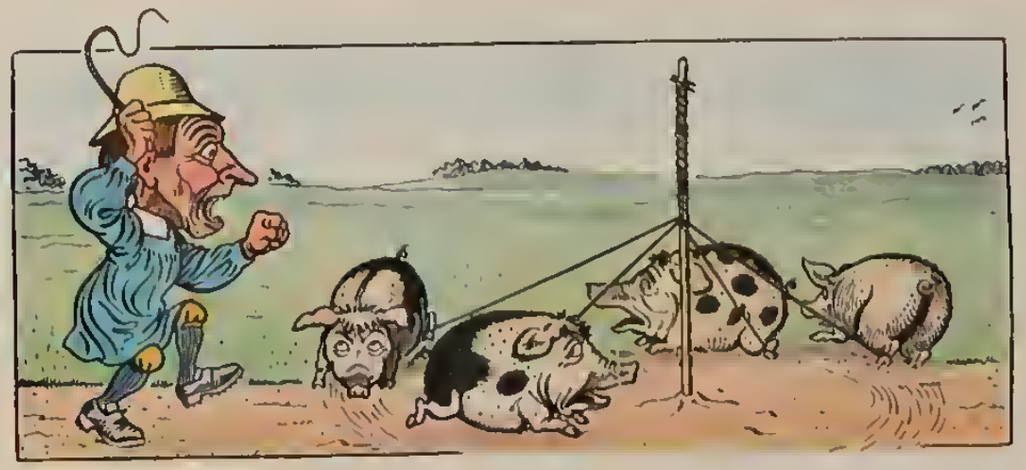
These little pigs went to market, or, rather, they *would n't* go.
And the swineherd, vexed and sore perplexed,
Wondered they should act so.



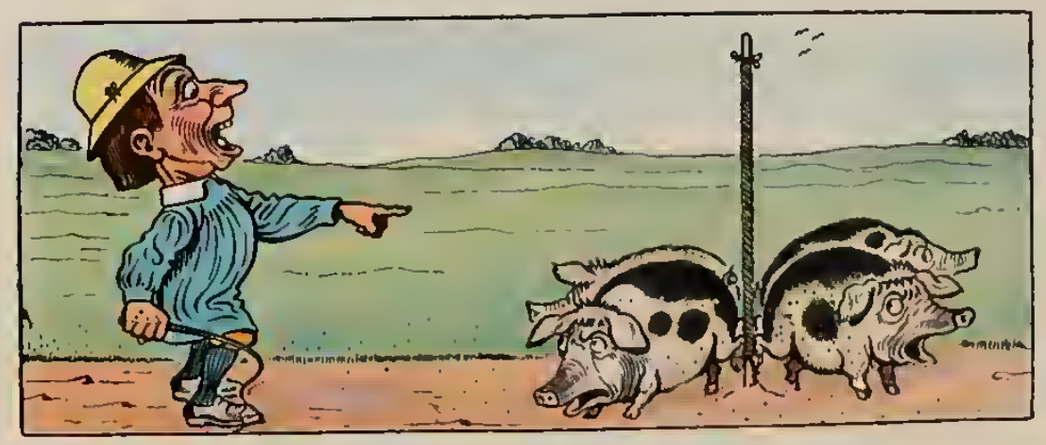
For this little pig went this way, and that little pig went that,
And he plead and swore but none of the four
But pulled the hauler thereat.



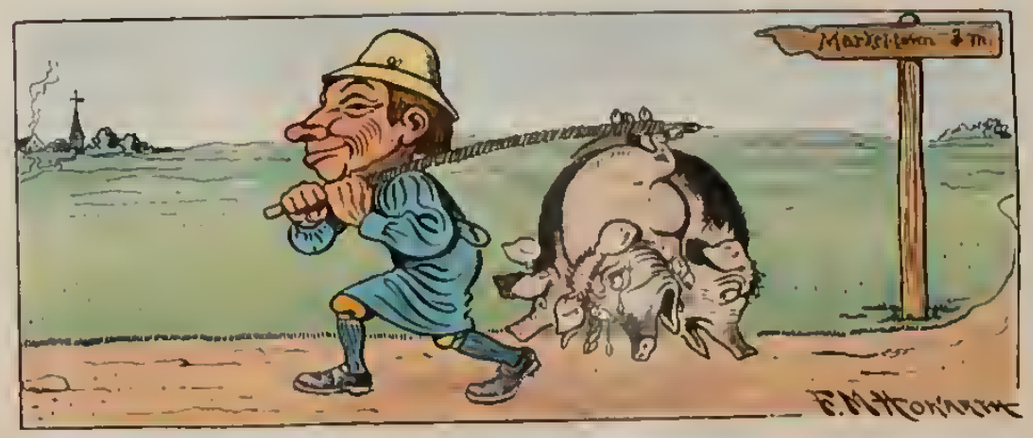
Till at last the dull-witted swineherd was seized with an idea bright
While the pigs stood still of their own free will
He drove in his pole upright.



He drove in his pole upright deep down into the ground,
And then to the mast he tied them fast
And drove them round and round



To the stings of the whip they circled so often the pole upright,
That at length each line in closest twine
To the pole held them fast and tight.



And this is the swineherd's story, told oft by the truthful cues,
Of how his swine who 'd not lead at the line
Got their feet in a pickle thus

HOW THE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.—THE ORIGINAL PIG'S-FOOT STORY.

Copyright, 1895, by Lippincott & Co.

A STORY OF AN EXCHANGE.

PUFFER — I want a twenty-five cent cigar. Ah! that looks all right!

"I tell you what, that is a fine cigar! No one can beat me on a cigar. I can tell a good one just by looking at it."

MICKEY — Say! dere I'ree ler fives nin t'u lint dey used ter be. Dis one smells like a bone factory.

"Oh, say! I tink tink is workin all right. Just smell de tuneral dat Henry's lay! I want yo' mah money, I wants yo' werry badly!"

"I wonder if I dep'ive de gent of a smoke, he kin have mine."

"A DARK OUTLOOK."

MR. PUFFER (*after taking a few puffs*.) — For heaven's sake! What have I run up against? I've been swindled! A regular horse hoof filler and leather wrapper. I'll fix that bunco-steerer!

MR. PUFFER (*holding over*.) — Look here you thief of the world! I'll have your place pulled as a bunco joint. Sell me a tuppeny cigar will you? I'll find out I will. You give me my quarter back, or I'll show you joint up before the school board. I will. Talk about getting Cuba free! Bah!

"CALLING FOR HELP."

AN UNEXPECTED DAMPENING.

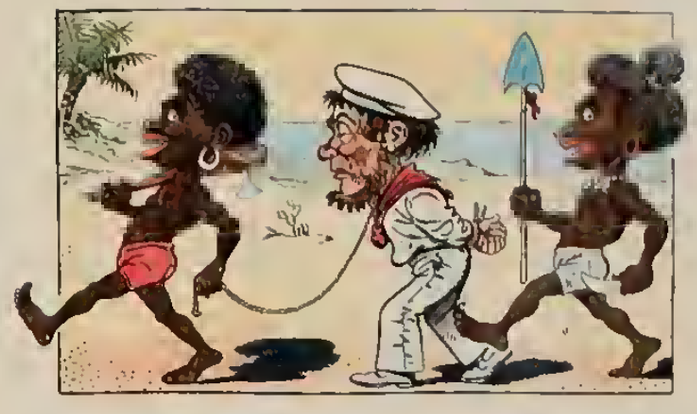
MR. COMMUTER. — Yes, it is a roll of wire-screen I bought in town today.

MR. STEMMUS. — Say, Commuter, what do you think of the new style shingles Outerson is putting on his house?

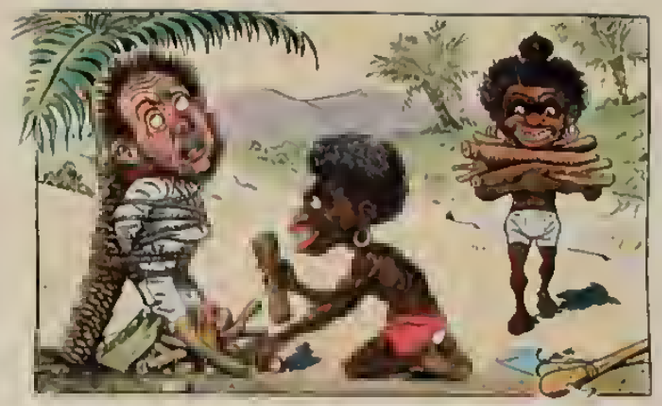
MR. COMMUTER. — I don't believe they will turn water, do you?

MR. STEMMUS (*as gardener turns the water on*.) — Not — [illegible]

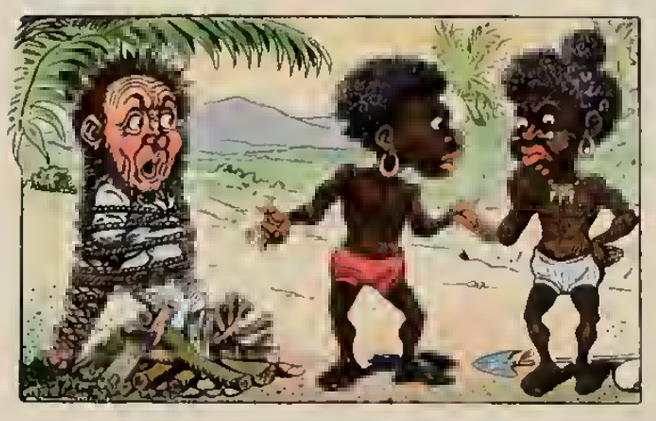
"Well, one day I goes ashore alone, which I no sooner reaches than out jumps two niggers on me.



"I wur taken so by surprise that 'fore I could draw me sheath-knife they had me pris'ner

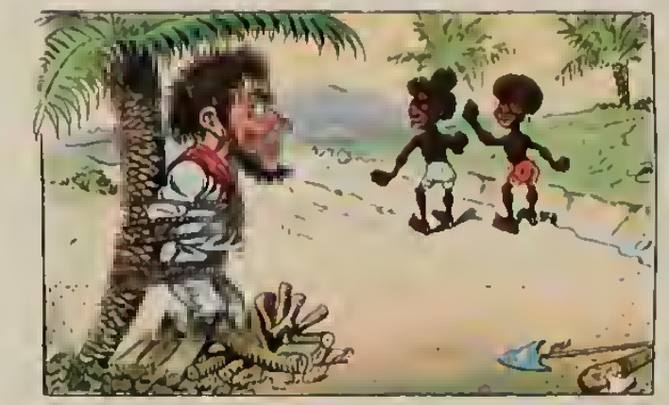


"They takes me a mile inshore and ties me to a palm tree, piling wood around me. Thinks I, 'Il 'a all up with you, now, Bill Mainbrace!'

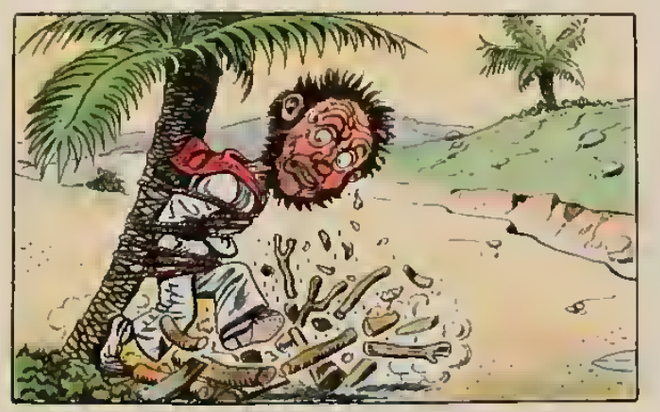


"But, shiver my timbers! When the niggers come to touch off their fire, keelhaul me if they had a blooming match!

THE OLD SALT'S STORY.

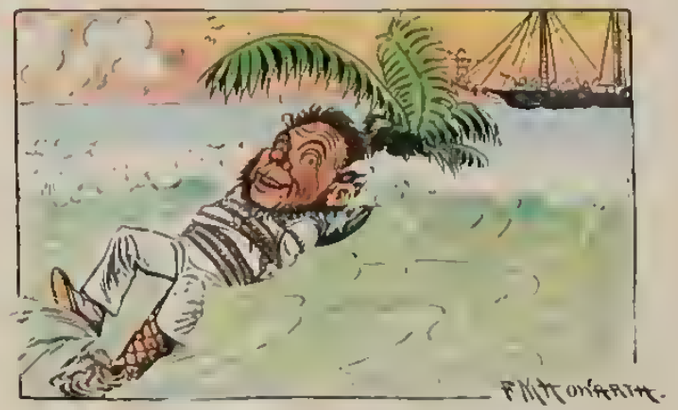


"So off they goes to their nearest village to get some, knowing I wur spliced too tight to that ah tree to git away.



"But them days, lads, I wur the sailor Sandow; an' after some tugging the ground cables of the tree gives way, an' up she comes by the roots.

"An' next thing sees me making ten knots an hour for the beach; the tree still tied to me.



"Reaching the beach, I sees me own ship standing about three miles off shore. Me arms wus still tied. But the tree held me up, and I kicked water till I reached ship, where me mates received me with joy an' enthusiasm!"

PROVED EFFICIENCY

MISTRESS. *An new gardener?* — Patrick, Bridget has been taken suddenly ill this morning, and the parlor must be swept. Cook has refused to do it. Do you think you can do it?

PATRICK. *Anything to please!* — Shure, Mum, I'd niver swaped a parly before, but I'll knows I'll do it fine. Just look at thim paths! Could anny man swape thim better?

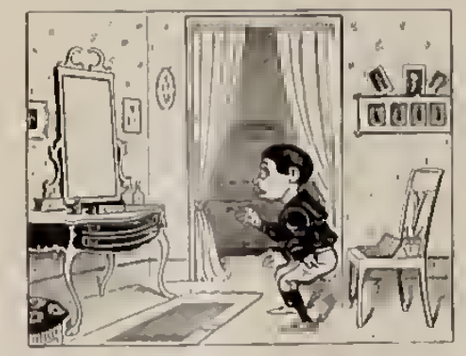
MISTRESS. — Well, I will let you try it. Be sure you get every speck of dust, and be careful of the carpet, as it is a very valuable one.

PATRICK. *Ut sank.* — He'll bet me bille this carpet never had sich a clanin' since it was put down.

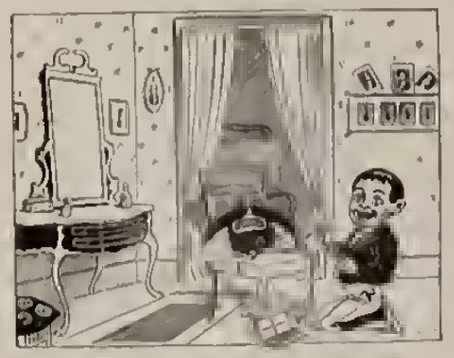
THE GETTING EVEN OF LITTLE WILLY.

SISTER. *angrily.* — There, take that! Now tell Mother again when you see Mr. Huggard kiss me, will you!

LITTLE WILLY. — All right for you! I'll get even, you bet!



"Pop always told me my auntie intend would be of use to me some day. Now, let's see — there she is!"



"And it is not every girl that has a brother who can paint on satin."

SISTER. — Now, mind, I don't want you to come near the parlor to-night when Mr. Huggard comes. Where is my hat? Ah! here it is.

MR. HUGGARD. — You boxed his ears for him, did you? That was right! You are the kind of a girl that would know how to raise children, you are!

SISTER. — Oh! he, he, he! Mr. Huggard, you do make me laugh so. Why, what is the matter? There you told Mr. Huggard!

WHY NOT LET THE APPAREL PROCLAIM THE MAN?

For the Physician. For the Musician. For the Lawyer. For the Barber. For Our Hebrew Friends. For the Gambler. For the Lover. For the Subhumanite.

A COLD SCHEME, AND HOW IT MISCARRIED.

Charley Heyvie.—By George! This is a stunning girl! I wish I knew her! She doesn't look as if she would flirt. I *must* make her acquaintance, for I have fallen dead in love with her. What *shall* I do?

"I know! She passes me here every few minutes. I'll give that boy a quarter to accidentally run into her and knock her down. Then I can come to her rescue, and after that all will be easy.

"Now, all you have to do is to appear to run into her the next time she passes, and then skip away. Here is a quarter.

"I'll just pretend to be looking another way until the disagreeable just see that boy! he knows his business."

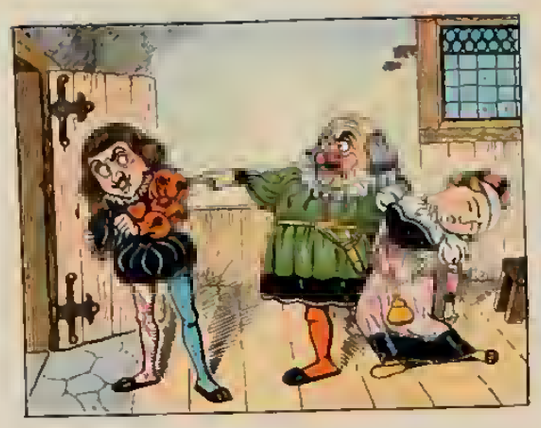
The Boy.—Oh! excuse me, Miss!—it was an accident.

The Fair Skater.—Goodness me! If I hadn't been an expert I would never have been able to keep from going down. That was no accident, either.

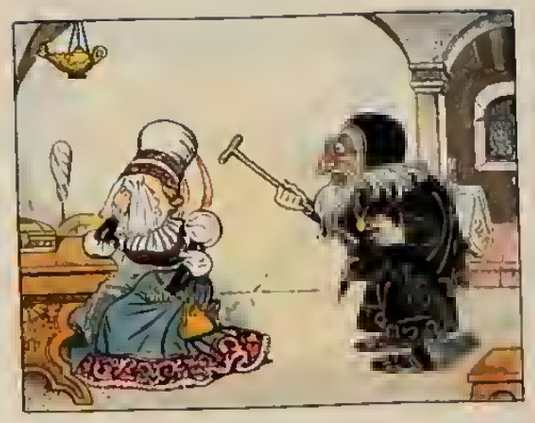
"You little vagabond! You did that intentionally!"

The Boy.—Oh! lady, please let me go! I know I did, but he gave me a quarter to do it.

The Fair Skater *loudly as the glides by*.—If you hurry up you can catch that boy and get your quarter back.

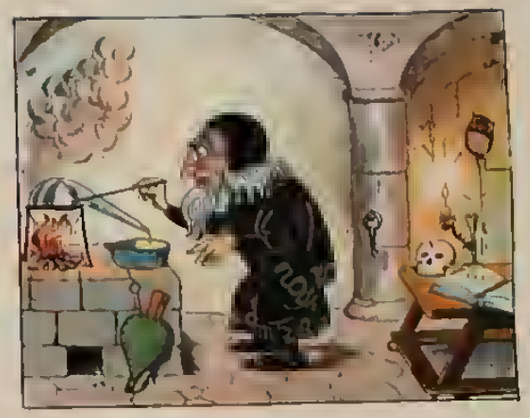


Once upon a time a man had a beautiful Daughter who was in love with a Brave but Honest Youth in her own class. This angered the Father, and he forbade her ever having any communication with the Youth, whatsoever, saying: "Your face is your fortune, I will marry you to Money."



The Man, after looking well over the Field, at last married her to a Wicked Magician—a man of untold wealth. The Wicked Magician was so jealous of his young and beautiful Wife that he led her a very miserable and unhappy life; keeping her closely confined to the castle.

The Green-eyed Monster at last got such a hold on the Wicked Magician that he said to himself: "I can stand this thing no longer, my time is solely occupied watching this Woman. I will make a charm which will turn her into a cat, and then I can tie her and have no Fear.



"And," quoth he, "I will make the charm doubly powerful, for it is well known throughout the world that most Women 'beat the Devil'."

So he made the charm many, many times more powerful than usual, and the next day at dinner he surreptitiously placed it in her wine.

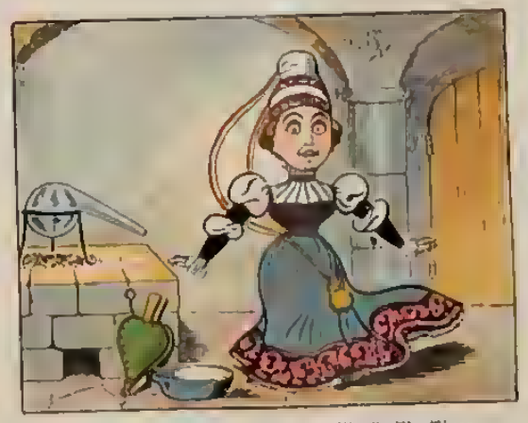
The Young Wife had no sooner drunk the wine than she commenced to assume a feline shape—

—And in a few moments more was a Beautiful Cat.

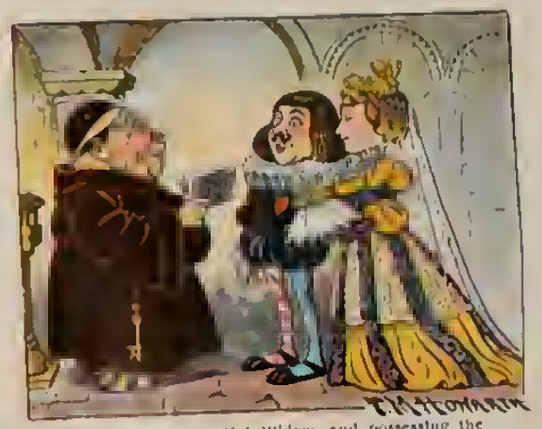
But the charm did not cease to work. Being many times more powerful than usual, it, of course, was not content to turn the Beautiful Woman into a commonplace House Cat, and in a few moments more the Cat grew into the largest Cat known to Man—the Tiger.

And, as a Tiger, she did n't do a thing to that Wicked Magician.

While the neighbors, who had rushed into the castle on hearing the Wicked Magician's cries, were collecting him for burial, the Tiger sought seclusion in the Laboratory, and seeing some of the charm still remaining in a vessel lapped it all up.



And, as we all know, "like cures like." The Tiger, after having taken another dose of the charm, became a Beautiful Woman again.



Being now a Beautiful Widow, and possessing the deceased Wicked Magician's vast stores of Wealth, she was entitled to consult her own Wishes, so she married the Brave but Honest Youth, and lived happy ever after. To this day no one knows that the Lady and the Tiger were the same.

Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers

OVERREACHED; OR, THE JEALOUS MAGICIAN, THE WICKED CHARM, AND THE YOUNG WIFE.

ABATING A NUISANCE.

THE BUSY MAN.—Confound those Dago women! They have been chattering under my window for the last hour, and I can't get them to go away

"They say, 'what can't be cured must be endured.' I'll try a cure

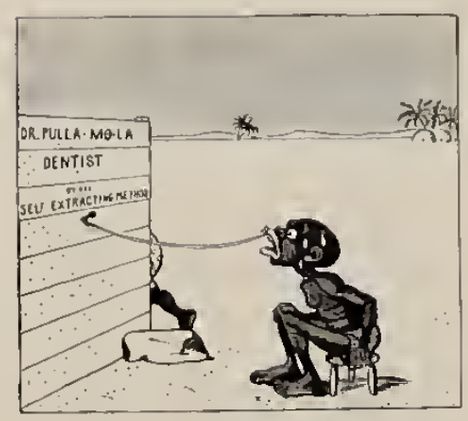
"More people than surgeons have to resort to the knife to remove trouble

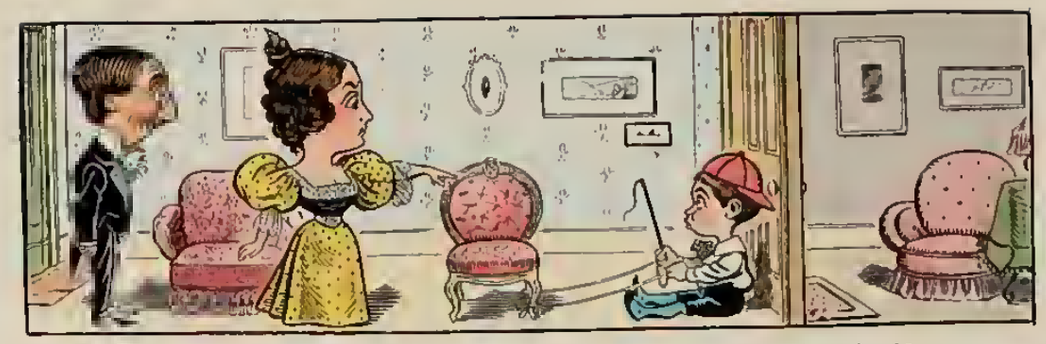
"Talk about cutting the Gordian knot!"

MRS TARONI (*as the woman has breath*) — Mucha brick house falla down!

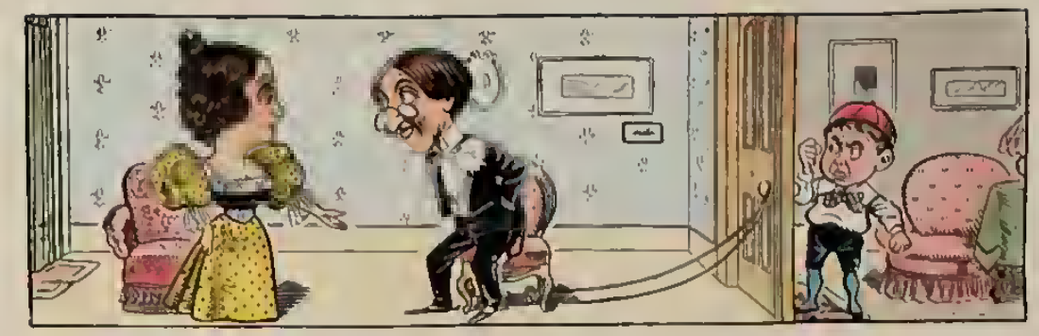
After gathering together her wood and retiring, it — Me no more long talka in this neighborhood. Devil's spirits he bitin rope!"

THE INGENIOUS AFRICAN DENTIST.

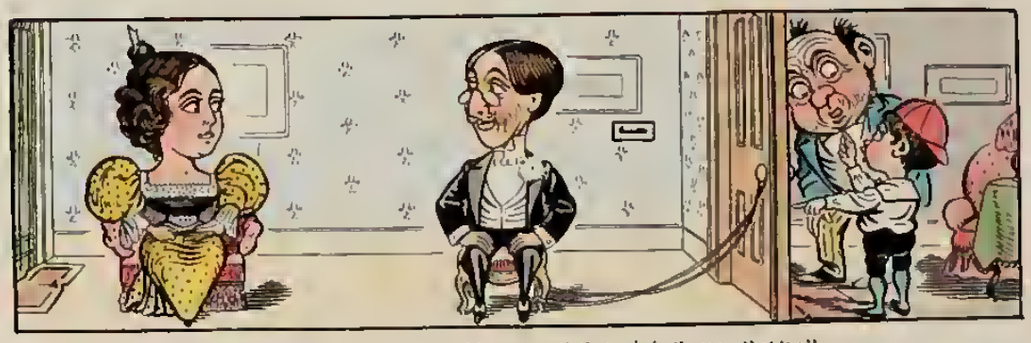




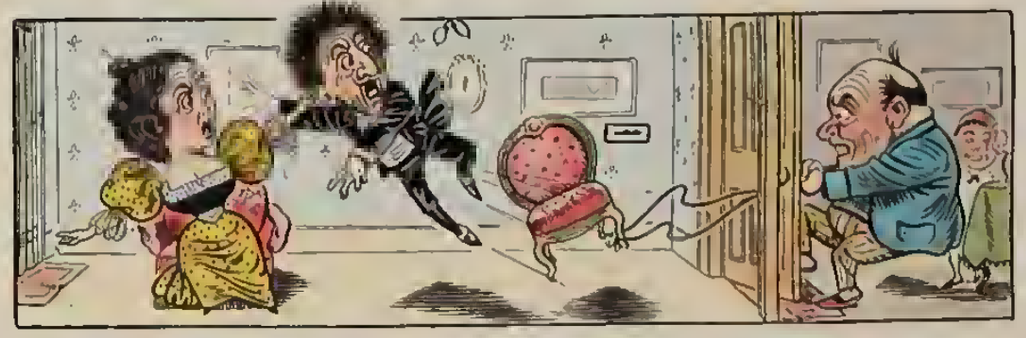
SISTER.—How dare you play horse in the parlor when you know Mr. Huggard and I wish to come in? Leave the room immediately!



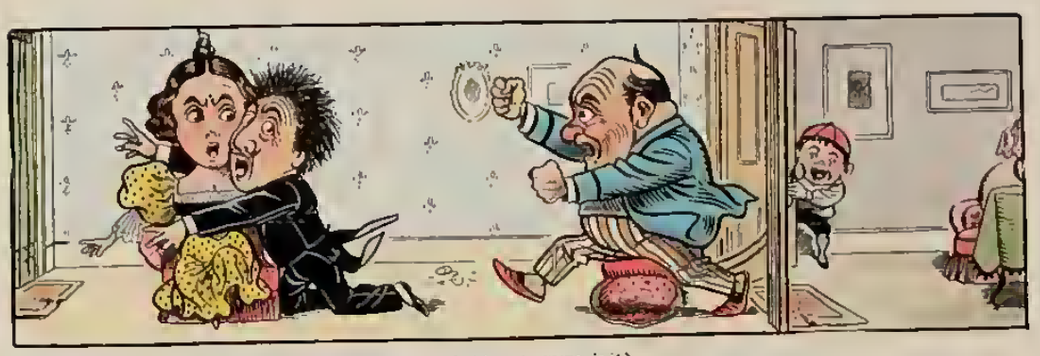
"Take a seat, Mr. Huggard. You need have no fear of younger brothers around here."



BROTHER.—Say, Pop, you 'd better watch that pair in there;—that 's all.



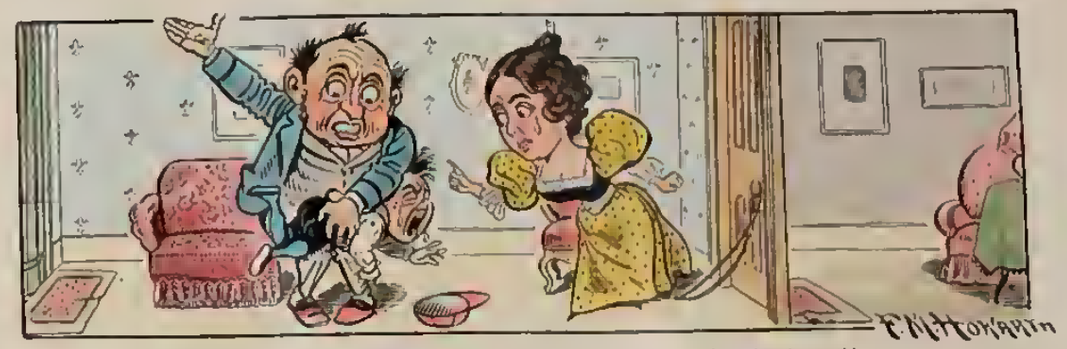
FATHER *(opening the door suddenly)*.—Trying to hold the door, too, b'gosh!



"Oh! that 's your game, is it?

"I 'll teach you a thing or two, I will! Now, you come in this house again!"

SISTER.—Now you see what you 've done, Father! Just look at that!



FATHER.—I 'll teach you to play tricks on the only fellow your sister has been able to capture in six months!

WILLY'S REVENGE; OR, HOW HIS SISTER LOST A LOVER.

THE SUCCESS OF A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

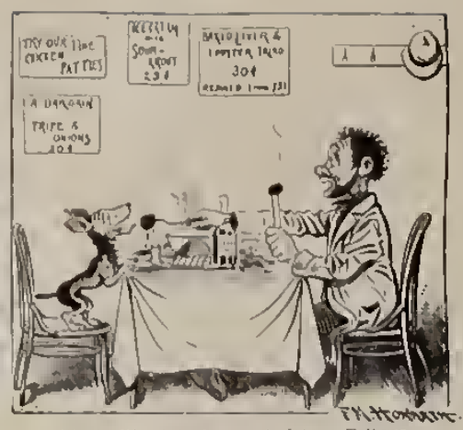
WEARY WALKER.—Say, Nippers, old boy, this is a hard, cold world for keeps! I hain't struck a angel yer day.

"What 's dat yer got? A bum bone? You jess hold right onto dat! I 've got a game dat I 'm a-goin' ter try on 'round de corner."

PEDESTRIAN.—Hi, there! What do you mean by trying to take that bone from that poor, half-starved dog!

WEARY WALKER (*pathetically*).—He may be half-starved, gent, but I'm *all* starved. It's better a dog should die dan a human being, ain't it?

CHORUS OF SYMPATHETIC PEDESTRIANS.—A man who would fight with a dog for a bone must certainly be hungry.



WEARY WALKER (*five minutes later*).—Tell yer what, Nippers, dey 's Nerpoleons of Finance, an' Nerpoleons of War, an' Nerpoleons of Art; but when it comes to Nerpoleons of Dry Perfession, your Uncle Weary tills the basket right to de top!

"NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

I

The Bim-Lou-Boo-Lu family have only one beast of burden.—

II

But that does not prevent them from taking a daily ride *en famille*.

AN ELEVATED PET.

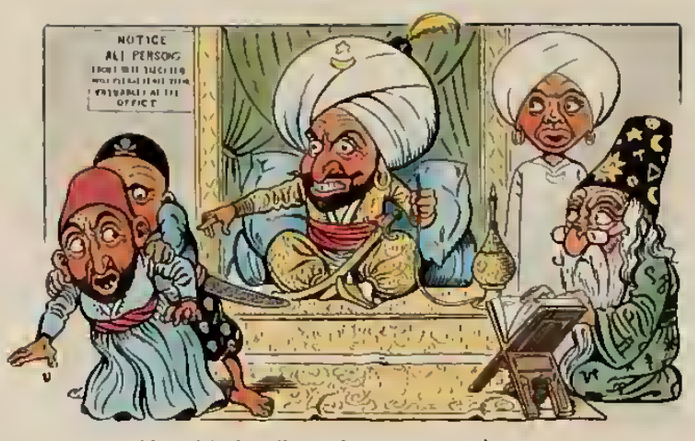
I

II

III.

IV.

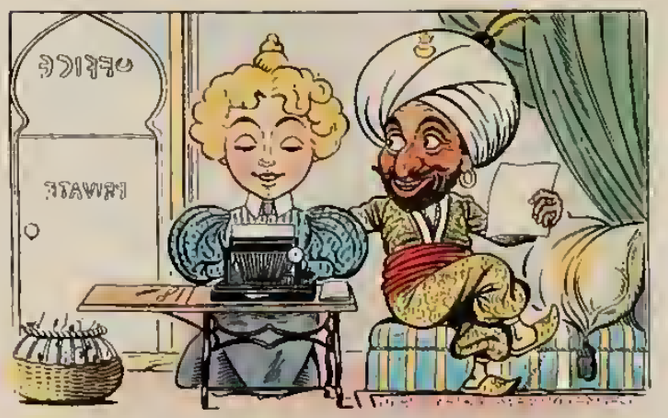
V.



The Rajah of Kaulkapoor he was a tyrant sad,
His reign it was a wicked one, and all his ways were bad.
He kept his subjects, one and all, in terror of their lives—
Did this Rajah of Kaulkapoor who had one hundred wives.

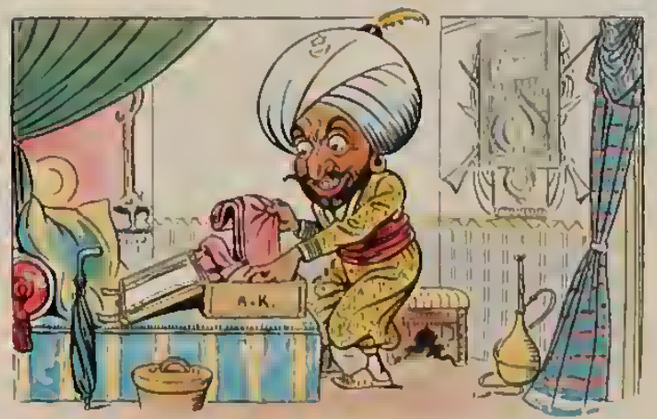
But worms will turn at last, 't is said; and in this case 't was so
Three leading Mugwumps of his realm resolved that he must go
"We 'll do him up this night," one said;—"die like a dog shall Khan!"
But one spoke up, "Hold on, my friends! I have a better plan

"Assassination will not do—the plan is old and lame,
I have traveled in the Occident and know a Western game
I want but three short days, my scheme will then be proved,
And this odious, cruel tyrant shall be from hence removed"



Thus early on the morrow the cruel Rajah found
A fair-haired Western maiden who on lettered keys did pound.
The Rajah liked the novelty (as other men have done),
And staid dictating letters till the setting of the sun.

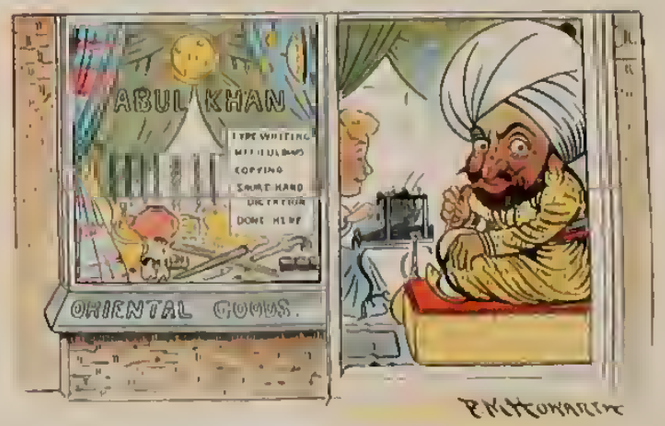
Home he toddled, ever dreaming of those soft, blue eyes,
But once there, he soon was wakened by at least one hundred cries,
For one wife, much sharper than the rest, upon his coat did spy
A large blonde hair twined round and round his collar all awry.



One wife can make great trouble in a case like this, we're told;
You can well imagine what 't was like increased a hundred-fold.
In the quiet of his chamber, the Rajah passed the night
Packing up his little grip-sack, making ready for his flight

And when the morning sun arose the Rajah was not found;
Neither was that fair typewriter found anywhere around.
There was wailing in that household of one hundred widows new,
And the noise was swelled perceptibly by new-made orphans, too

Then the three Mugwump conspirators were very gloomy (not),
And they opened three cold bottles on the wisdom of their plot.
The Rajah's son, a goodly youth, was placed upon his throne,
And of his fleeing parent nothing ever more was known.



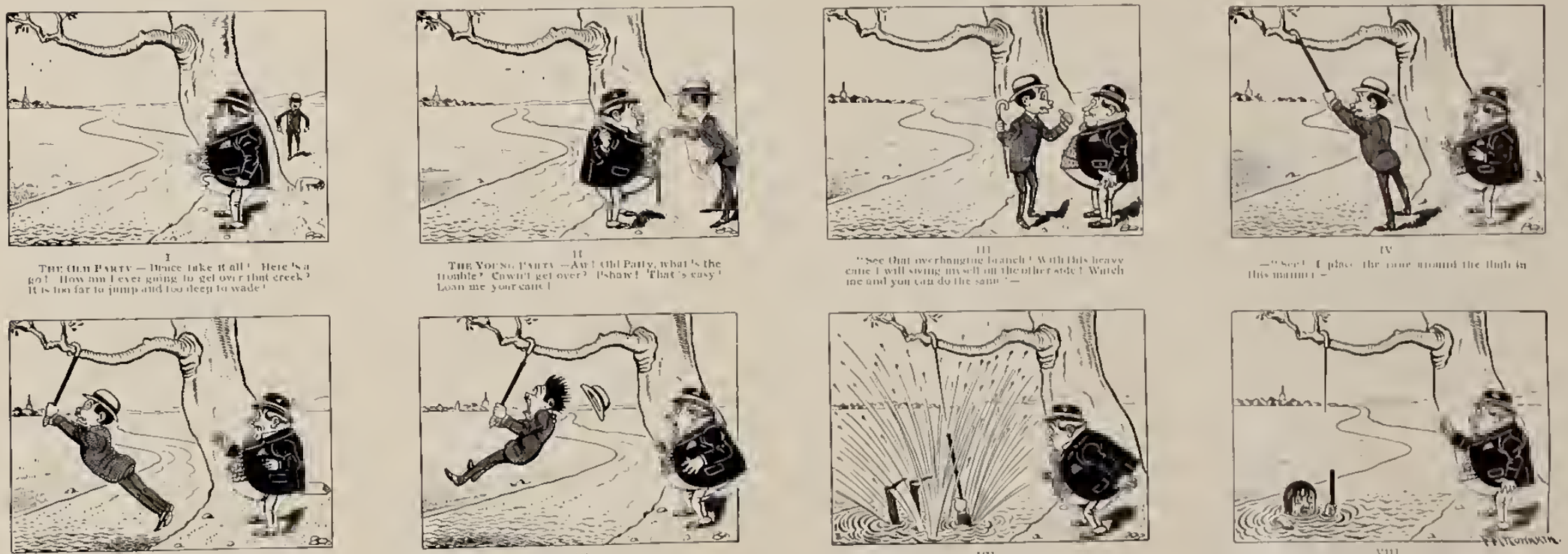
Now, in New York is a little store, just lately opened, where
You can buy the Turkish cigarettes and Oriental ware,
The owner is a dark skinned man, a jolly-looking Turk,
While his wife, a blue-eyed person, takes in typewriting work

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY HARPER & BROTHERS

HOW THEY GOT RID OF THE RAJAH ABUL KHAN.— THE STORY OF A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION.

WHY NOT? IF THE BARBERS WOULD START A FASHION LIKE THIS, IT WOULD RELIEVE THE MONOTONY OF OUR HIRSUTE APPENDAGES.

A DRAWN-OUT CROSSING.



I
THE OLD PARTY — Brace take it all! Here's a go! How am I ever going to get over that creek? It is too far to jump and too deep to wade!

II
THE YOUNG PARTY — Aw! Old Party, what's the trouble? Can't get over? Pshaw! That's easy! Loan me your cane!

III
"See that overhanging branch! With this heavy cane I will swing myself on the other side! Watch me and you can do the same!"—

IV
—"See! I place the cane around the limb in this manner!—

V
—"Swing myself over and land—

VI
—"On the other—Heavens!

VII
0——!——!——!——!"

VIII
THE OLD PARTY — Yes, I forgot to tell you it is a small cane! Now, perhaps, you can suggest a way to get the cane down

A BOOMERANG; OR, THE REACTION OF A HOT TRICK.

MRS. DUGAN.—Don't go t'th' Missus Brady! Here comes that beggarish tramps bothers me ivery day ler some'th'n' to ate. I'm agoin' to fix him this time. Stay an' say th' fun!

LEAN LANKINS.—Lady, wih yer give a poor feller sum'thin' hot to eat? I'm soaked in th' skin an' chilled to th' bone.

MRS. DUGAN.—Jest wait one minute. Oi have some hot Irish stew. Oi'll give yer.

MRS. DUGAN.—Somethin' iv'rthin, is it he wants? Well, o hin. Oi gits this red pepper in this stew he 'll iver want anything hot a gin.

"There yer are, poor man! Ate all yer kin av it. It 's good no' bad."

LEAN LANKINS (*as he takes the first mouthful*).—Holy Tabasco! She's made this stew rotten red peppers.

"Play m' tricks on me, is it? Well, they kin keep their stew, that 's what!"

MRS. DUGAN (*as* LEAN LANKINS *scoots off in the distance*).—Av th' beggar ain't gone an' et it all oop! An' let his insoides do be afire! Say him ch'asin' ler th' poomp? He 'll not bother me ag'in, Oi know.

"Well, good day to yer, Missus Brady! Oi could yer th'ould hew with yer th'hole to stay and say th' fun. Ye had better take yer umbrelly afore ye go out; it 's raain' cats an' dogs."

MRS. BRADY (*as she takes the umbrella*).—Th' Holy Virgin protective us! Th' flood has come!

"Play yer thricks on me, will yer? Well, that thrick will cost yer just ten dollars—that 's wot it will. An' th' boy he cry now in our set to end yer dead, too, mon mond!"

THE DOCTOR COULD N'T CURE IT, EITHER.

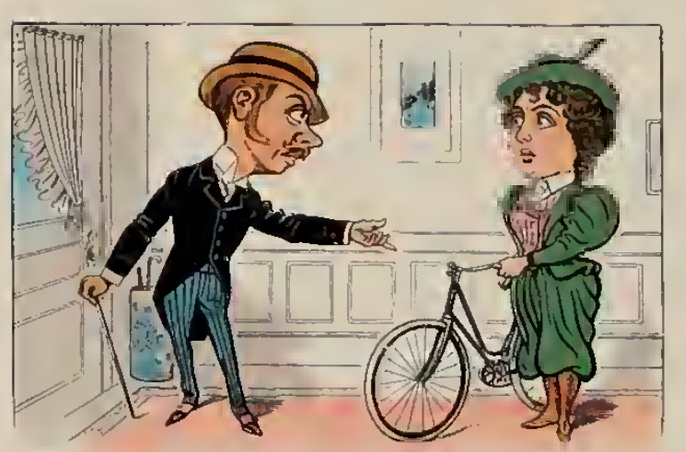
IRATE FATHER.—Heaven knows! If I have n't had trouble, no man ever had!

LEAN LANKINS (*peering through the window*).—Yer will play cruel tricks on poor, hull starved orphans, will yer? Well, that one cost you a pretty penny, that 's what!

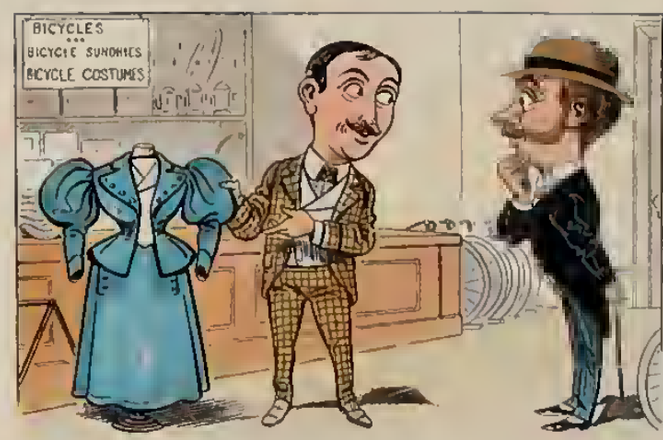
"FAST COLORS."

NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT.

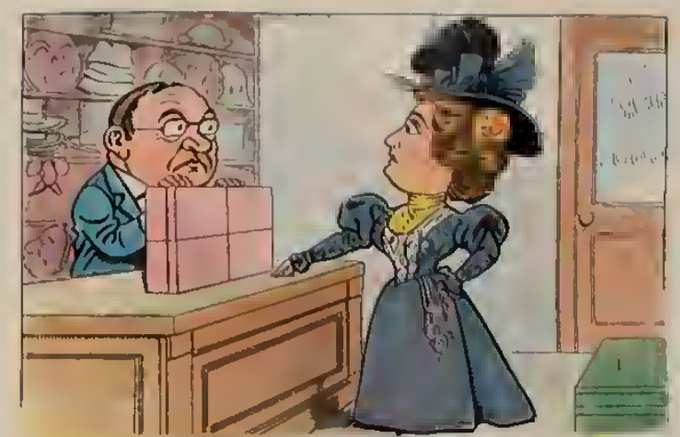
MR. SMALLWEED (*as conductor packs the passengers still closer*).—Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them.



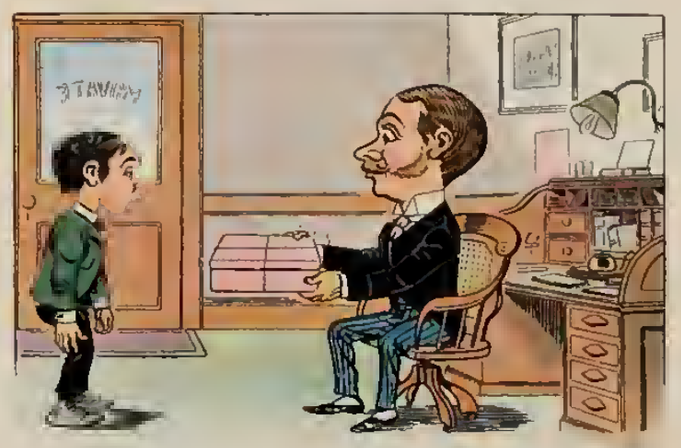
STRICTMAN *(angrily)*. — Now, look here, Mary! I am going to put my foot down on this bloomer business. I don't like to see my wife in such a rig as that. I'll buy you a suit to-day and send it home. A suit that I think is more befitting a lady.



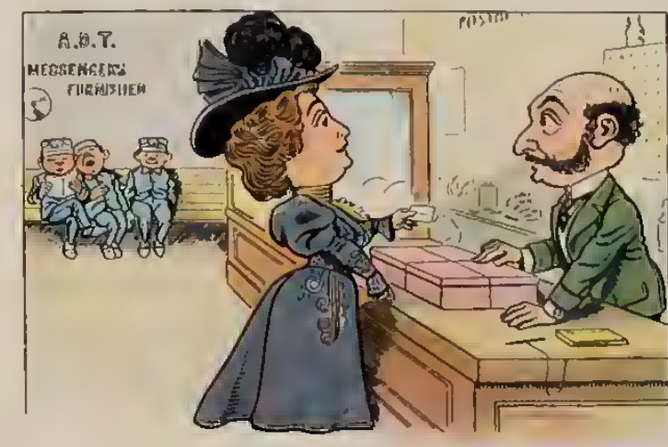
STRICTMAN. — I want to get a lady's bicycle suit; — something extremely modest. Yes; I guess that is about it. The skirt will reach below her shoe tops. Just wrap it up and I will take it with me.



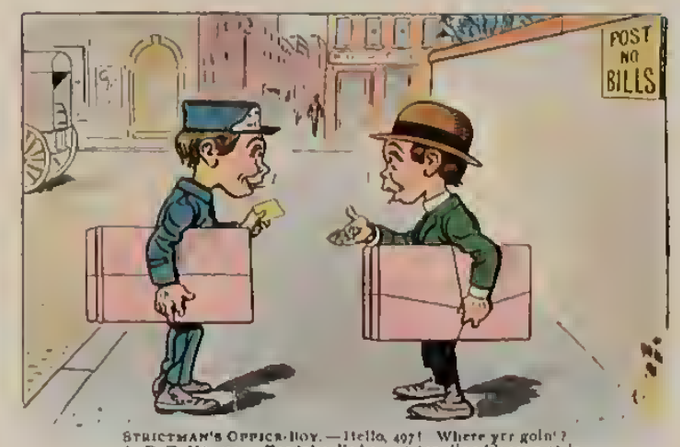
MISS SHAPELEIGH *(the actress, angrily)*. — You say my costume for my part in "The Bicycle Girl" has been finished for two days! Why did n't you send it home as promised? I'll take it with me now, to be sure I get it. I want to use it at the matinée this afternoon.



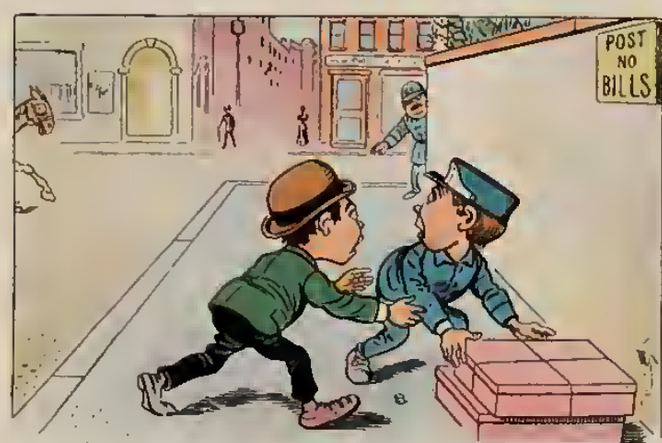
STRICTMAN *(to his office boy)*. — Take this package right up to my house and give it to Mrs. Strictman. Tell her I will meet her on the Boulevard this afternoon.



MISS SHAPELEIGH. — Please send this package to my room, at once. Here is my address. I want it before noon.

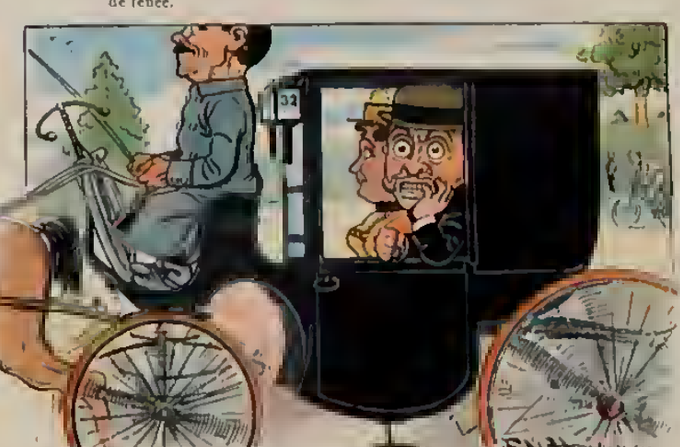


STRICTMAN'S OFFICE-BOY. — Hello, 497! Where yer goin'?
A. D. T. No. 497. — Ter take dis box up ter dis address wot is on dis card. Where you goin'?
STRICTMAN'S OFFICE-BOY. — Takin' dis box up ter de old man's house. Let 's have a game o' craps!
A. D. T. No. 497. — Sure, Mike! We 'll lay our boxes up agin de fence.



A. D. T. No. 497. — Cheese it! Here comes de cop! Grab yer box an' git!

STRICTMAN *(as he meets* MRS. STRICTMAN *on the Boulevard that afternoon)*. — For heaven's sake! Mary, what does this mean?
MRS. STRICTMAN *(primly)*. — I am sure I dont know! It is the suit your boy brought me. If you think this a suit befitting a lady I am obedient enough to wear it. If you can stand it, I can.



STRICTMAN *taking his wife home in a cab!*. — I don't know how this mistake occurred, but you can bet your life I don't monkey with women's raiment again!

THE MIXED PACKAGES, AND WHY STRICTMAN NOW MINDS HIS OWN BUSINESS.

MODERN INVENTION.

WALTON'S COMPANION.—Great Eels! Walton, you can't land that monster!

WALTON (*also an amateur electrician*).—CAN'T I? Just watch me! My line is made of wire and is connected with a battery here at the handle of the rod. Watch me touch the button.

BUT!—!——!——!—!

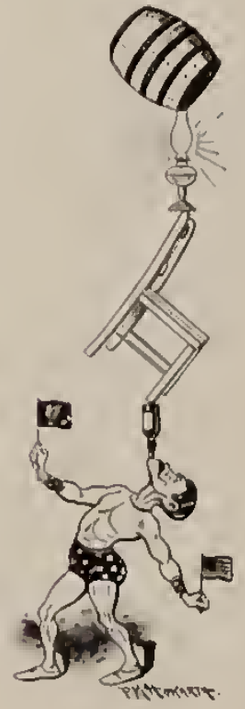
WALTON.—Then all you have to do is to haul him in. Easy, ain't it?

AN ASSISTED DROP.

MR. KNOWITALL (*impatiently*).—Pshaw! You women never can do anything without the assistance of man. You can never reach that from there! Get down and let me hang it!

"Now sit on the chair! There, now, see how easy a man with brains can do things. Hand me that hammer till I drive the nail in a little more—

"——!——!——!——!!"



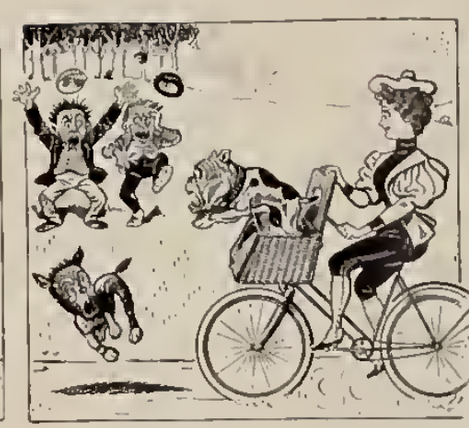
"STEADY WORK."

A HANDY BICYCLE ATTACHMENT.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CUPPLES & GOODRICH

FIRST YOUNG TOUGH.—Oh, say! here comes one of dem female bikers. Let's set de dorg on her an' frighten de life outen her!
SECOND YOUNG TOUGH.—Say! dat will be de hunky sport!

THE YOUNG TOUGHS.—S-s-s-s-s! Catch her, Blinkers! Catch her!



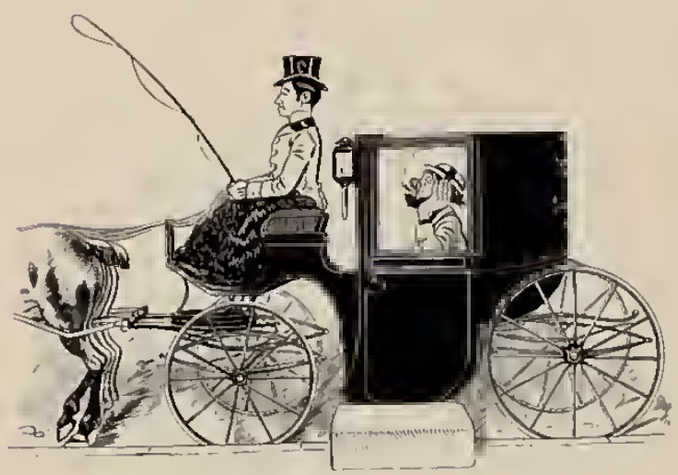
MISS WHEELER (*as she lifts the lid*).—At him, Terror! at him!

"That will do, Terror!

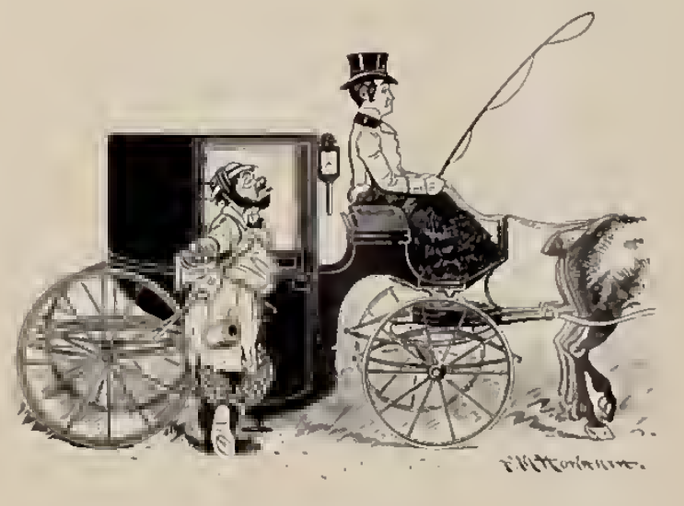
Resuming her journey.—"Well, that 's another dog that will never trouble riders again! Get down and I'll close the lid!"

AN ILLUSION.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CUPPLES & GOODRICH



This is a queer-looking person to be seen seated in such a fine carriage——



But appearances are sometimes deceitful.

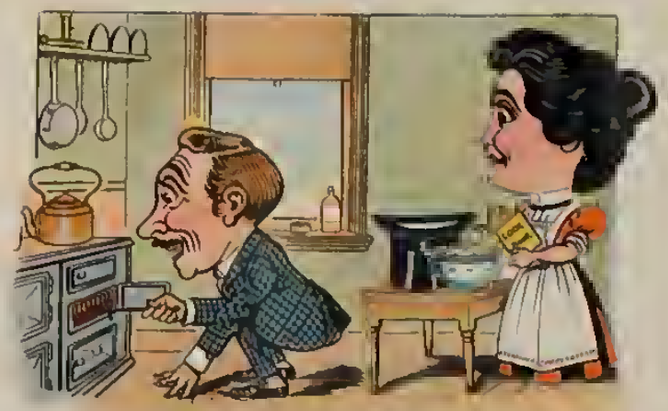
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CUPPLES & GOODRICH

"OF A RETIRING DISPOSITION."

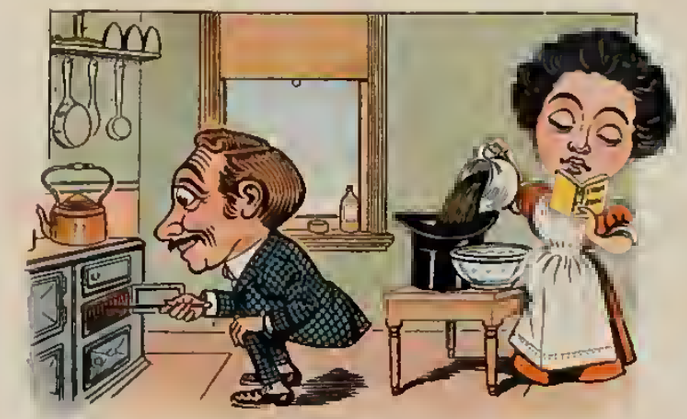
"CORNED BEEF."

MR. NEWLIWED *(rushing into the kitchen)*.—Oh! here you are! I have been hunting all over the house for you. What does all this mean, Birdie?

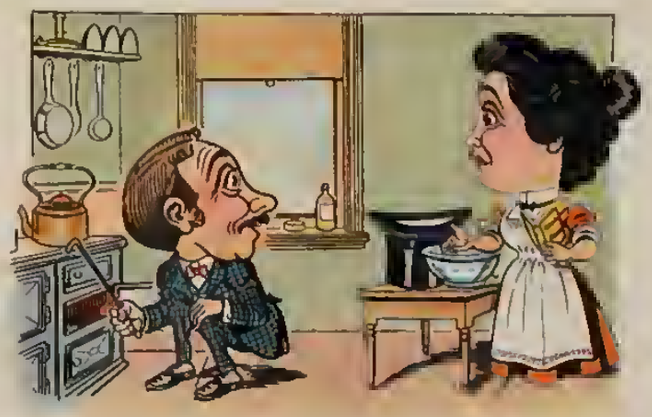
MRS. NEWLIWED.—Why, the cook left to-day, and your little wifey is going to get your dinner, herself. You help me? Why, certainly you can! Oh! we will have such a fine time!



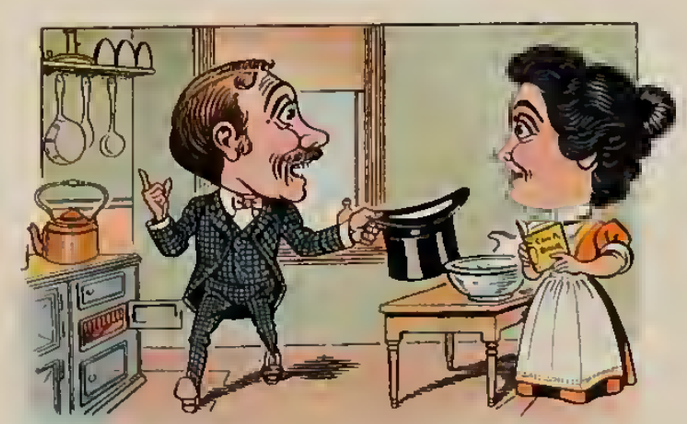
MR. NEWLIWED.—What shall I do—start up the fire? All right! Say, this is a perfect picnic! I am glad the girl left. We'll have a great time.



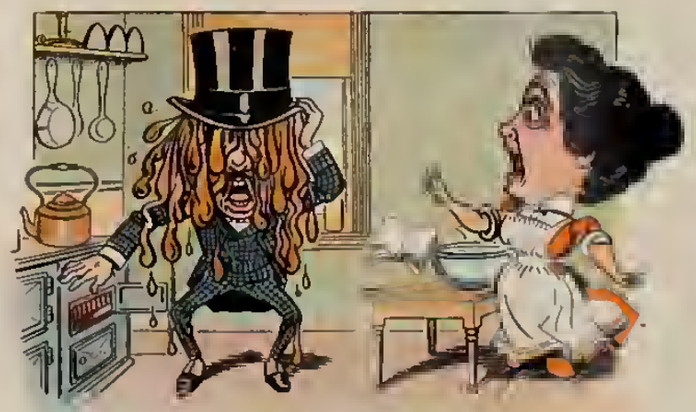
MRS. NEWLIWED *(reading)*.—"—and then add one quart of molasses—



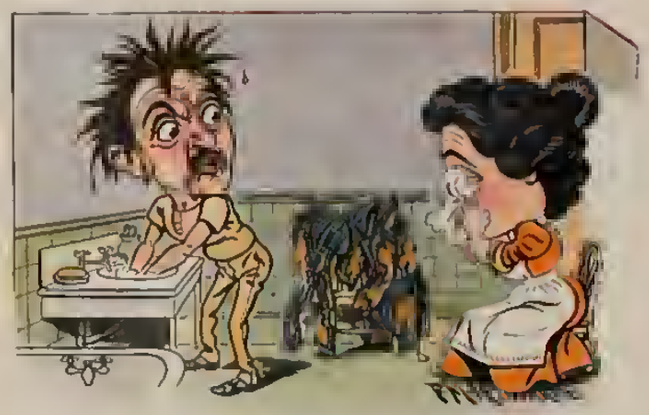
(Still reading.)—"—and to this add one teaspoonful of baking-powder—" O George! I have n't a particle of baking-powder in the house. Please run down to the grocery and get me a can."



MR. NEWLIWED.—Certainly, my dear! Oh, say! this is great sport!



(as he hastily puts on his hat.)—!!??***!)***!!—?!!'—



MR. NEWLIWED *(after an hour's work in the bath-room)*.—It was a little careless on your part, I know, but don't cry, you are not used to cooking, you know. I can go to the barber's, and he can cut my hair off and fix that all right. The clothing I can give to some needy person who works in a glue factory, but the next time the cook leaves, wait until I get home, and we will have dinner at a restaurant.

MR. NEWLIWED'S FIRST AND LAST CULINARY EXPERIENCE.

THE GREEDY CLERK WHO OVERREACHED HIMSELF.

MR. RENISK.—Patrick, the old man has gone out for an hour, run over to the saloon opposite and get me a bottle of beer and two cheese sandwiches. I'm going to have a banquet in his absence

(As PAT returns.)—"Thanks, Patrick! I'll remember you in my will. What are you standing here for? You don't suppose you are going to get any of this? Not much! An Irish porter is not in it with me."

PATRICK. *(two minutes later.)*—Cheese it! Here comes de boss!

MR. RENISK.—St! Ledger! I know what I'll do! I'll just put them in this waste-paper basket and cover them with this waste paper

THE OLD MAN.—I guess I'll postpone my trip till later in the day. Ah! what 's this? This waste-paper basket filled up again! Patrick, how often have I told you to empty these baskets as soon as they were full? Take it down the cellar and empty its contents immediately!

PATRICK.—All right, sur! It was just a-goin' to be emptied, sur, as you came in. It has n't bin filled more 'n two minutes

PATRICK.—That Irish chuk says as an Irish porter was n't in it; but, be th' saints above! thim things as he bought will be in it wid an Oirish porter, ye kin bet

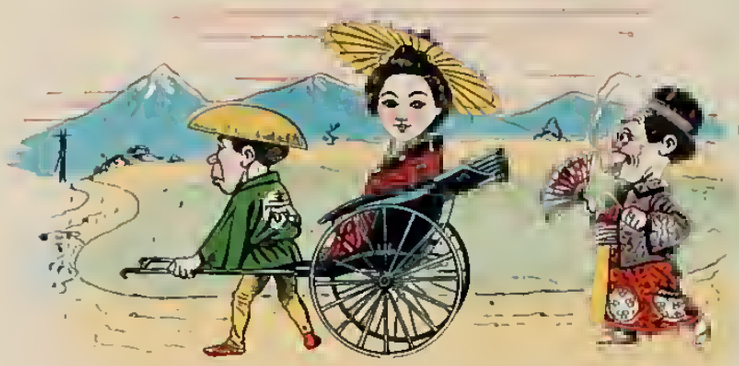
COLD WATER ON HIS COURTSHIP.

BRIDGET.—Th' Missus says as you stay here too long whin you come; but what do Oi care what she says! Just sit down there a wholle an' talk to me while Oi work, Moike darlin'!

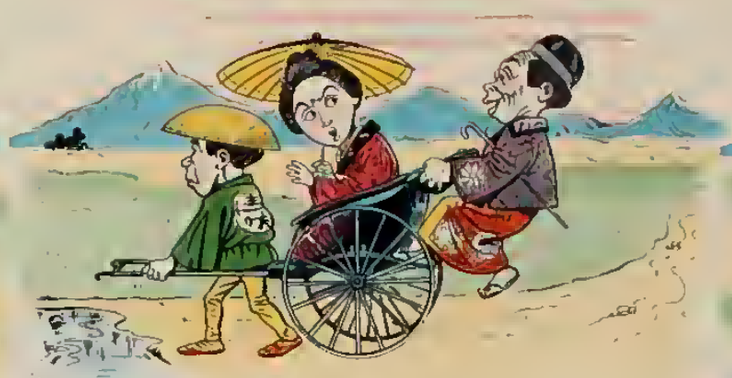
THE BUTCHER'S MAN.—Wot do Oi care for th' Missus whin Oi can make love to you, Biddy darlin'?

BRIDGET.—Kape yer fate a moment, Moike dear!

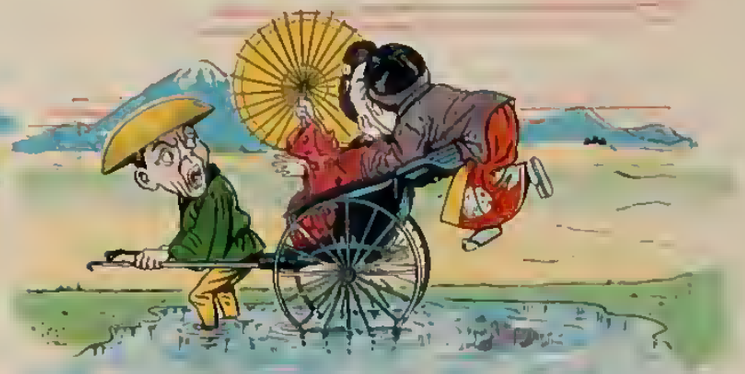
!!!——!—!——!!!



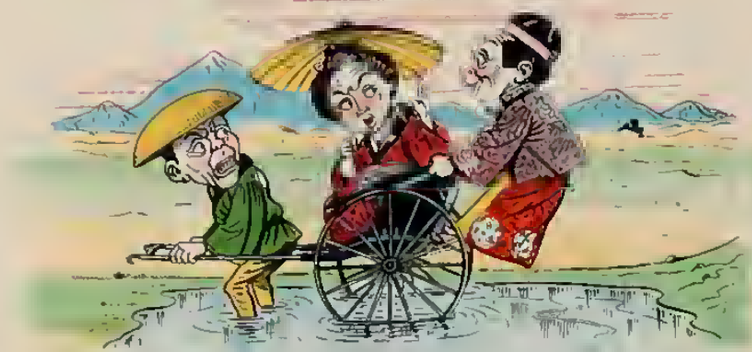
Kacha Kissa, maiden sweetly young and fair,
Riding out in her Jinrikisha at her ease,
Is accosted by a masher with "Ah, there!"
Or words to that effect in Japanese.



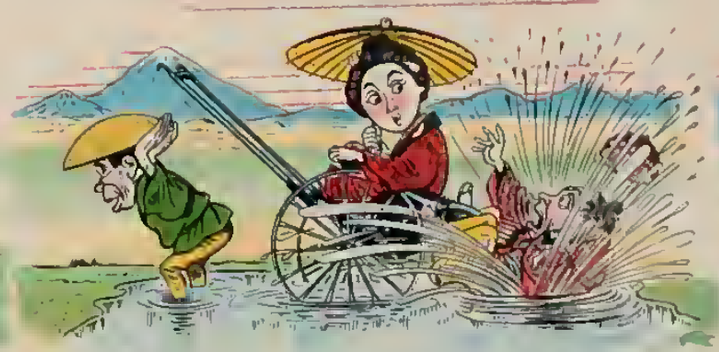
Kacha Kissa, quite as timid as can be,
Very much dismayed is at the sight,
For the villain has designs, as she can see—
Kacha Kissa cries aloud in girlish fright.



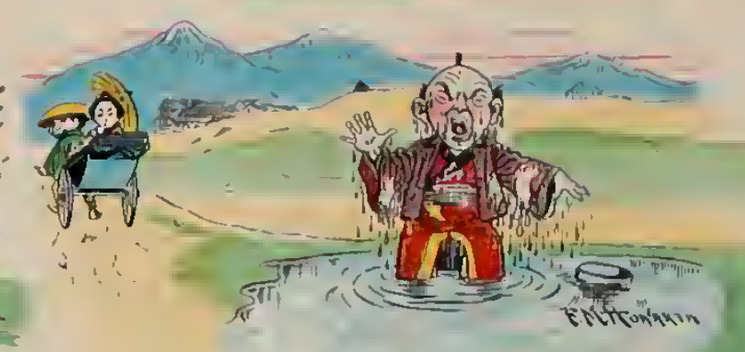
But the villain never heeds her consternation,
Her pretty face is really all he sees;
What next he does you'll note without translation,
Although it's all in purest Japanese



Bolder made by his success, he laughs in glee,
"That was easy — Japaneasy — here's one more!"
But he's too busy in his sport to see
That RETRIBUTION's just about to score



"Two is company, you know, but three's a crowd,"
Says the Runner, as he dumps him in the wet.
"And another thing that's generally allowed
Is that men and their best plans are off upset."



Then Kacha Kissa quickly off was whirled,
The while the villain rose up from his knees.
You never heard such talk in all the world—
It's fortunate you don't know Japanese

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY FRANK & KATE OFFICER

THE MAIDEN, THE MASHER, AND THE MUD; AND HOW THE LAST TWO WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER.

THE INSTRUCTION OF THE FLAMINGO TWINS.

MATER FLAMINGO.—Children, I will now give you your first lessons in Arithmetic. Sit down!

"Nought

"Now watch my legs—One

"Now watch my neck again—Two

"And again my neck—Three—

"Now my legs—Four!

"This figure is very easily made—Five

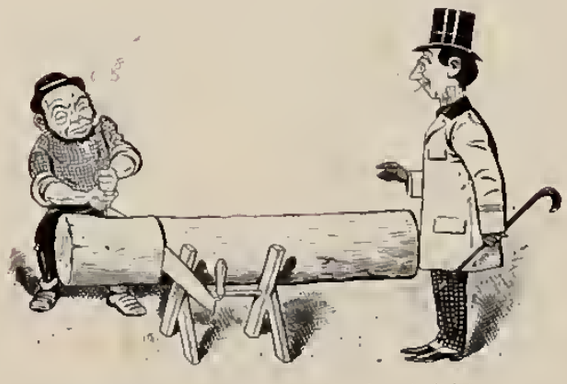
"So also is—Six

"This is what they call—Seven

"This figure will require a little practice—Eight.

"And this is the last Nine"

HE WHO IS GLAD LAST IS GLAD BEST



CHAPPIE.—Say, old fellah! I'm deuced glad I'm not you, to have to say that—aw—log!

THE OLD FELLAH.—And I'm mighty glad I am! you, standin' there watchin' me!

ANOTHER CENTRAL-AFRICAN ADAPTATION.

A FORTUNATE SCREEN.

EAGLE-EYED MOTHER. — I don't mind them being together, but I keep my eye on them so there can be no silly love-making when I am around.

THE PEACOCK. — That girl has always treated me right. I'll see what I can do for her.

GEORGE. — MARY! — I ———

EAGLE-EYED MOTHER. — Ever since I heard a suspicious sound, Peacocks are a nuisance!

A FORCED CURE.

"PASSING A POOR KNIGHT."

WILLY. — Papa, I'm awfully sorry your gout is so bad that you can't walk.
PAPA (*pleased*). — Papa is awfully glad to have your sympathy, Willy. No; I can't walk a step.

WILLY. — Yes, it's too bad. 'Cause someone's let the water run in the bath room and it's overflowed the tub and is running through the floor into the parlor. I can't stop it, and there isn't anyone else in the house but you.

"BRINGING UP A LARGE FAMILY."

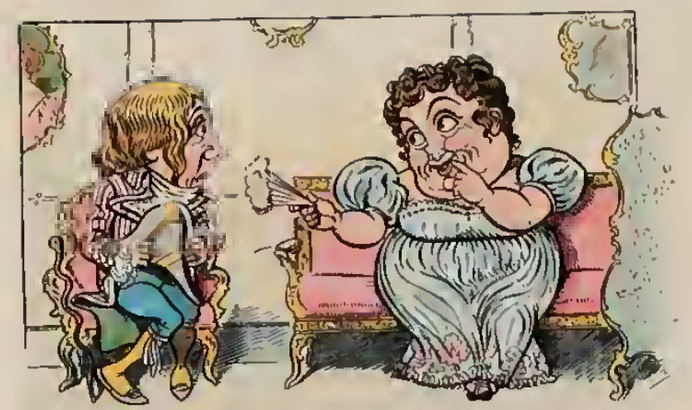
THERE ARE OTHERS.

THE DOG (*in a tantalizing manner*). — Say! don't you wish you were a dog? See this kid coming? Well, I'm going to steal his pretzel. You'll not be in it.

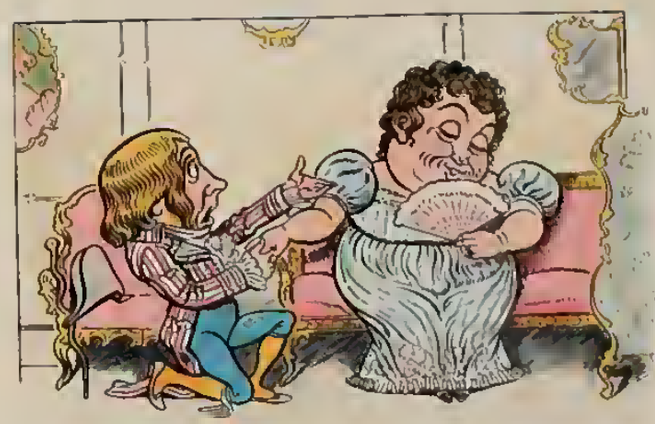
"Say! Sonny, I want that pretzel! See?"

"What! You'll not give up? Well, I'll take it myself. Hi there! What are you up to?"

THE PARROT. — Say! Parrots have their days sometimes as well as dogs. I'm not in it, eh.

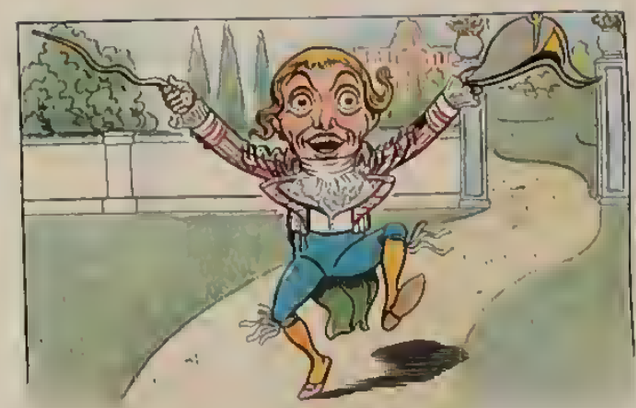


MISS LILY.—Yes, Count, dear; this is leap year, you know, and Papa says I may propose to any one I like, and I like you. Te! He! He!

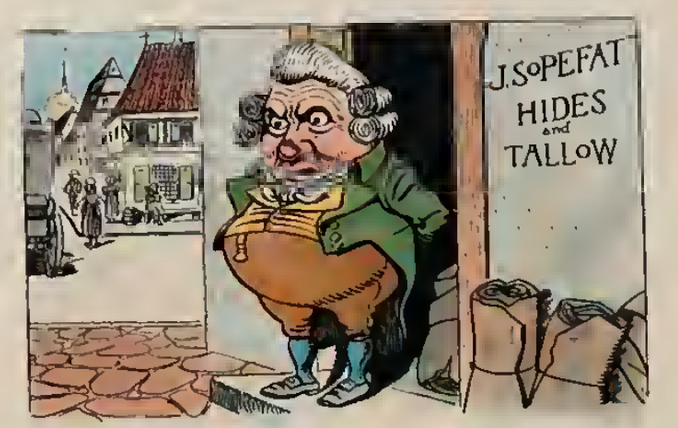


"You know Papa is in trade, and is awfully rich, he says to whomever will marry me, he will give, three months after our marriage, my weight in gold."

COUNT DE HARDUP.—Oh, Miss Sopefatt! I long have loved thee! I am thine!



"Hoop la! Talk about a gold mine! I am fixed for life. She weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Oh! this is a good day's work for your uncle!"



MISS LILY'S PAPA (*after the marriage*).—Getting rid of a girl like that is all right, but where in the world am I to get two hundred and fifty pounds of gold in three months? My entire fortune does n't more than come up to that.

ITINERANT CHEMIST.—Kind sir, I pray thee make a purchase from your humble servant. The greatest discovery of the eighteenth century. We call it Anti-Fat, warranted to reduce weight over fifty pounds a month.

MISS LILY'S PAPA (*eagerly, as a sudden idea strikes him*).—I'll take your entire stock, my good man.

"Son-in-law, thou likest not to remain idle. I have a trip for thee that will combine business and pleasure. I would like thee to go through the East and purchase hides. It will take three months, and on thy return I will weigh my daughter, thy wife, and give thee her weight in gold, as I promised thee. (*Aside.*)—"I'll be good way to get rid of him while I work my little game."

(*To his Cook.*)—"Now, in every meal that is served my daughter, and in everything she eats, I want thee to place a large dose of this medicine, and on thy life I wish thee not to betray the secret.

(*On the* COUNT'S *return, three months later.*)—"Welcome home, Son-in-law! Embrace thy wife! Thou hast done well. The scales are ready, and I will immediately proceed to cancel the debt I owe thee. Jump on, Lil!"

COUNT DE HARDUP (*after the weighing-in*).—Ye gods! The idea of having to stand this for only eighty-one pounds of gold. Oh! why has Chicago not been discovered so that I could get a divorce?

FLESH AND GOLD.—A STORY OF A MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY EDWARD A. WENTZELL.

"AN ILL WIND," ETC., ETC.

"FAST BLACK."

"Goodness me! There goes my hat!

"Well, that certainly is remarkable! Where did it go?

A MARKET NOTE.—

"Country Products are somewhat backward."

"Not a nice looking sight to call on a bank-president; ain't it?"

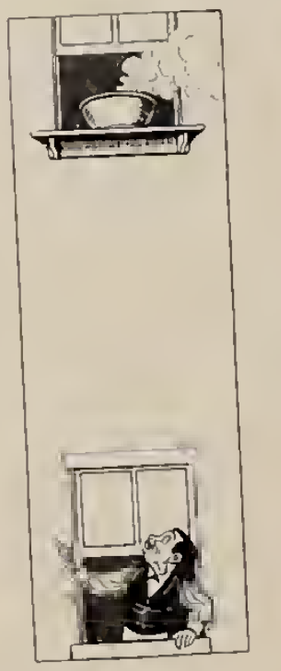
"Th' saints presarve us! Where did that come from!"

Sure, it hits me great!"

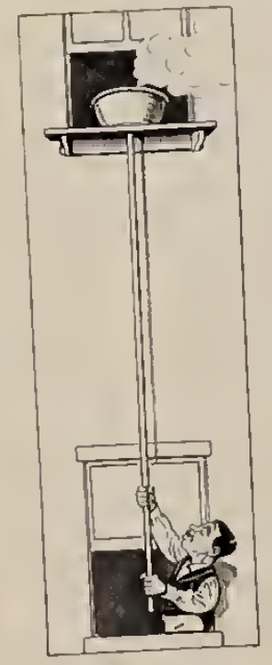
FOOD FROM ABOVE: OR, HOW THE JUGGLER GOT HIS DINNER.

MRS. MULCAHEY.—Shure, it sa good ting fer Dennis to put these brackets out th' windy. Oi put a board on it, an' thin hev a table t' set me cooking out t' cool

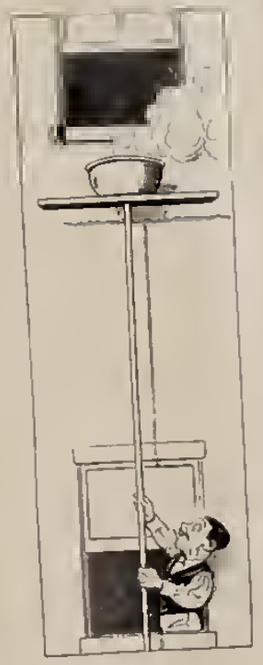
"Oi 'll bet th' mouth av thot play-actor in the flat below will wather whin he smells thot puddin'!"



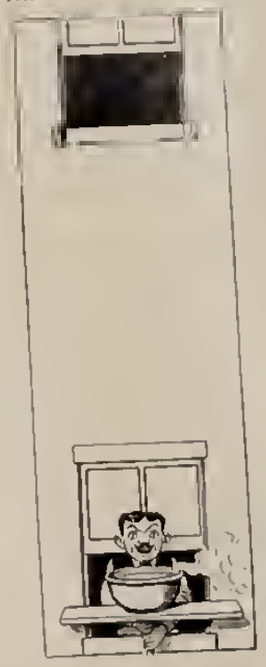
THE JUGGLER.—I'll have to have that pudding! How will I get it? Now, watch me!



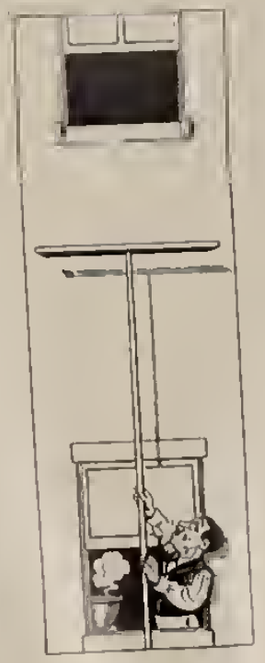
"I have not had much to do of my business lately, but I don't think I have lost my nerve



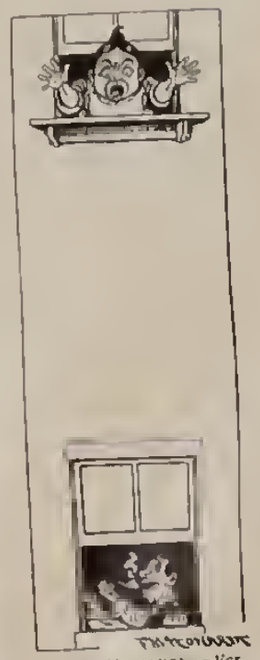
"Its struck the centre of gravity the first shot! Sure-ly!"



"Now that is not half bad, is it?

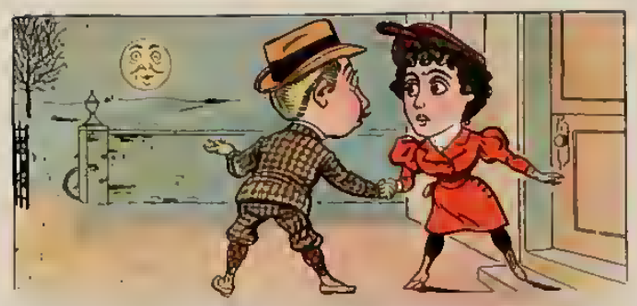


"Pulling the board back is easy

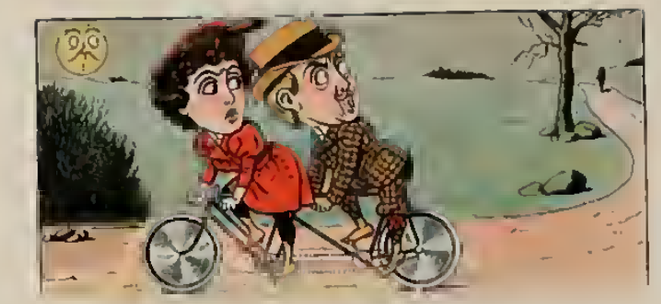


MRS. MULCAHEY.—Ver th' love av blyhu! Th' saints presarve us! Th' spooks hev carried thut puddin' off!

THE JUGGLER.—This is the best thing I have eaten for weeks!

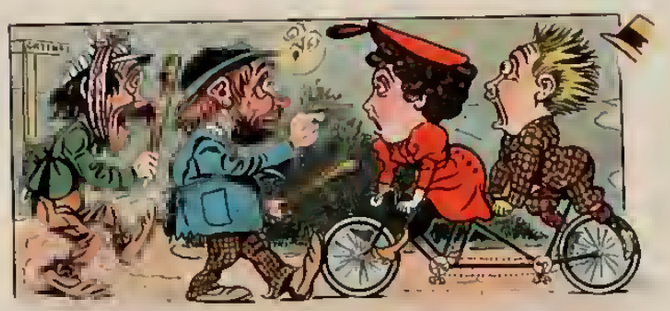


MISS WHEELER.—O Reginald! we must hurry; we must away. I hear Father stirring around the house; I am sure he suspects something

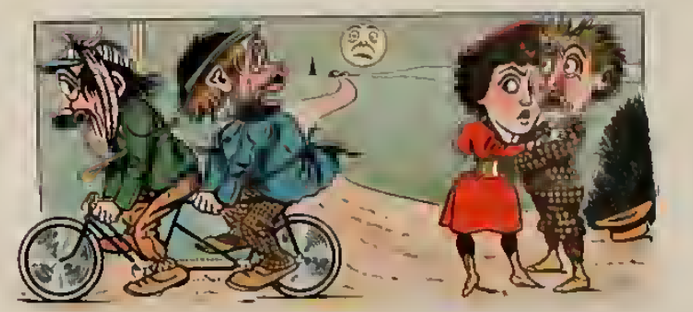


"O Reginald! I knew it! I knew it! Here comes Papa after us on his wheel. He will overtake us. He is one of the fastest riders in this part of the country

"Oh! he is gaining on us rapidly. He will be up with us in five minutes! We are lost. Oh! is n't it too bad?—and the next cross road leads to the parsonage, too"

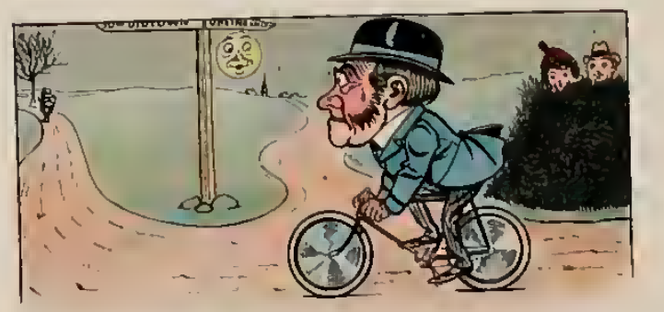


TOUGH TATTERS (*and his partner—springing out from behind the bushes*).—Hands up, lady and gent! Off dat bike, quick!

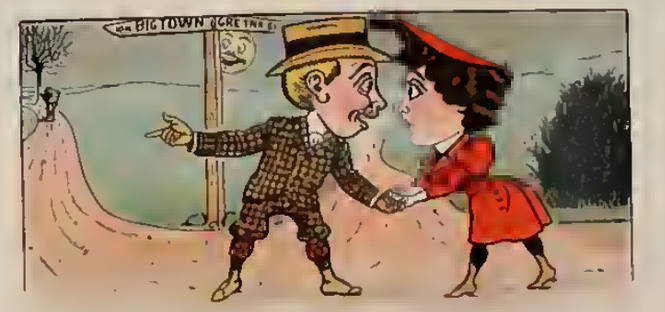


"Well, tah, tah, Doveys! Walkin' 's good; try it!"

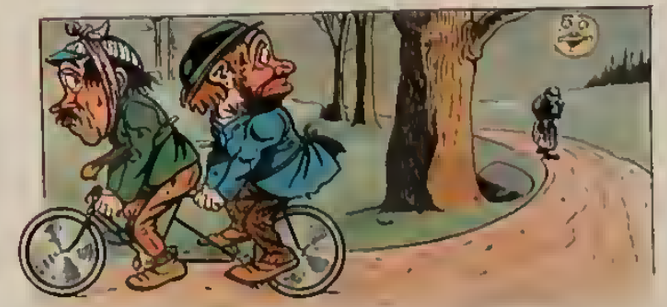
REGINALD.—And here comes your father. Oh! this is awful! We can't face him now; he will be too angry. Let us hide behind these bushes till he passes



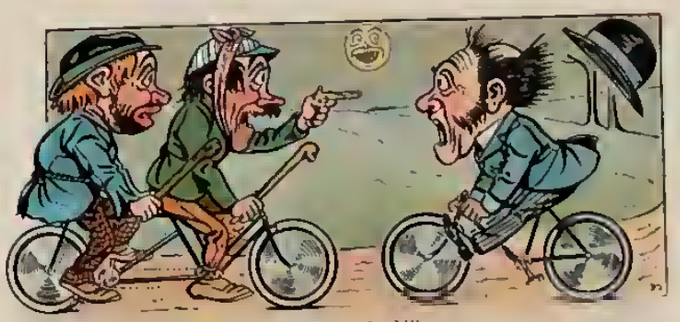
PAPA WHEELER.—The young scamps! I wonder what they are up to? I thought they were making direct for the parsonage, and there they go straight ahead along the main road. I'll be up to them in three minutes.



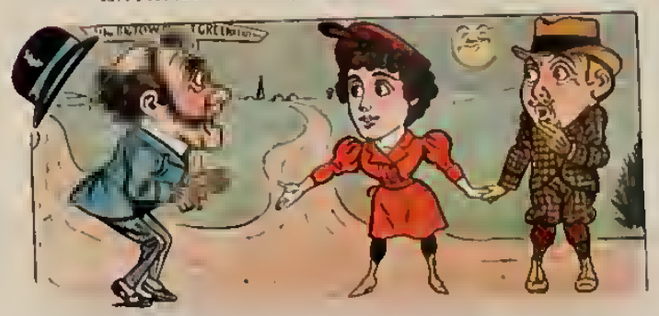
REGINALD.—Did you hear what he said, Clara? He takes those two tramps to be us. The god of Love has turned our misfortune into a blessing. While your papa is chasing the tramps we will hasten to yon parsonage. Come, quick! What care I for the loss of a bicycle if I gain you?



TOUGH TATTERS (*to his partner*).—Say! dat ole jay 'a been follerin' us now for five miles. Let 'a turn round an' hold him up. We kin use all de bikes we kin get, in our business



"Hands up Gent, and off yer wheel!"
PAPA WHEELER (*taken by surprise*).—Why—er-er—my good men, I thought I was following a young man who was running off with my daughter. Certainly, you are welcome to the bicycle—I—er-er—can walk back



(*On his return, meeting his daughter and* REGINALD *coming from the parsonage*).—"What!—you—you here!"
CLARA.—Yes, Father. We have just come from the parsonage. Did those wicked tramps take your bicycle, too?

PAPA WHEELER (*resignedly*).—Well, what is done can't be undone. A man who can turn adversity into success is deserving of any woman. Bless you, my children, bless you!

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL BICYCLE ELOPEMENT.

A FORCED SALE.

ITALIAN VENDER.—Me no sella nothings to-day!

"Ah! me seen the way! Maka th' Diana standa here!"

CHOLLY.—Ah! there goes Miss Darling! I guess I'll give chase.

IMPLICIT OBEDIENCE.

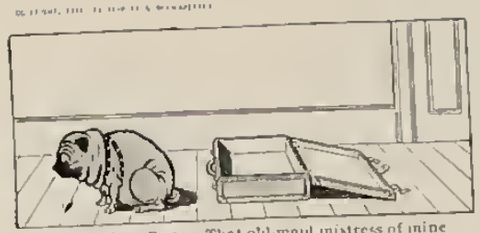
PROPRIETOR (*from his private office*).—Patrick! Come here!
PATRICK.—All raight, sur! (*the moment sur! (!) in haste!*)

PROPRIETOR (*angrily*).—What do you mean by telling me to wait? (*Put everything right where you are and come here immediately!*)
PATRICK (*with set lips*).—All raight, sur!

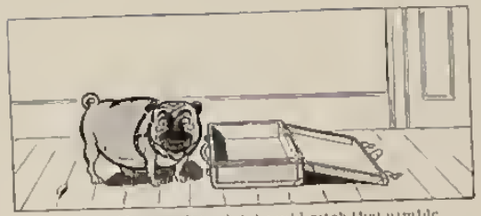
OFFICER.—Certainly, you'll hav t' pay th' mon fer it, else Oi'll hak yez up! (*I don't care whether it was an accident or not. I saw yez do it wid me own eyes.*)

THE ORIGINAL PLYMOUTH ROCK.

UNAPPRECIATED VALOR.

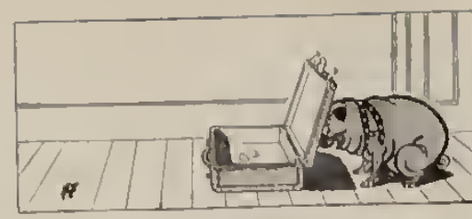


THE NEW DUG.—That old-maid mistress of mine complains that there is a mouse in the house, and here I am, fortunate enough to find his hiding-place

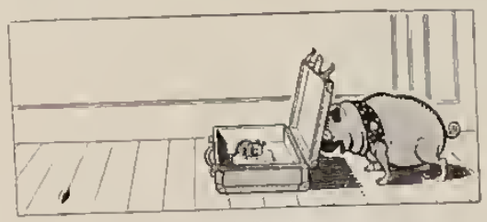


"Now, if I wasn't too fat I could catch that nimble mouse and make myself solid with the ancient maiden. Ah! I know. I'll get a piece of cheese and set a trap with this dressing-case

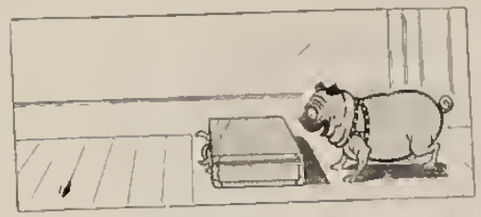
"There! That cheese is strong enough to draw an army of mice



Now for the trap! I'll act as the spring. By George! There he comes already!



One! Two!—

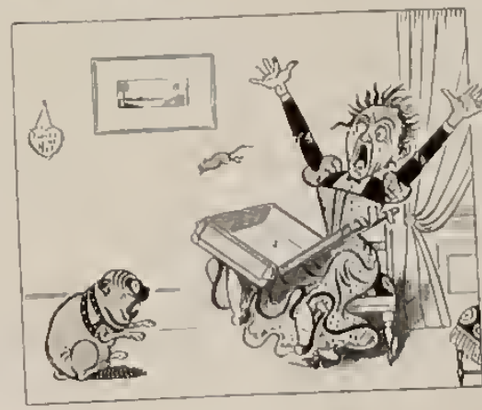


—"Three!

"Now, to take my captive to my mistress. Say! this day's work will make me solid for life!"

THE MISTRESS.—Why, doggie, what is this? Where did you find it, doggie?

"And there appears to be something in it, too. We will investigate, doggie

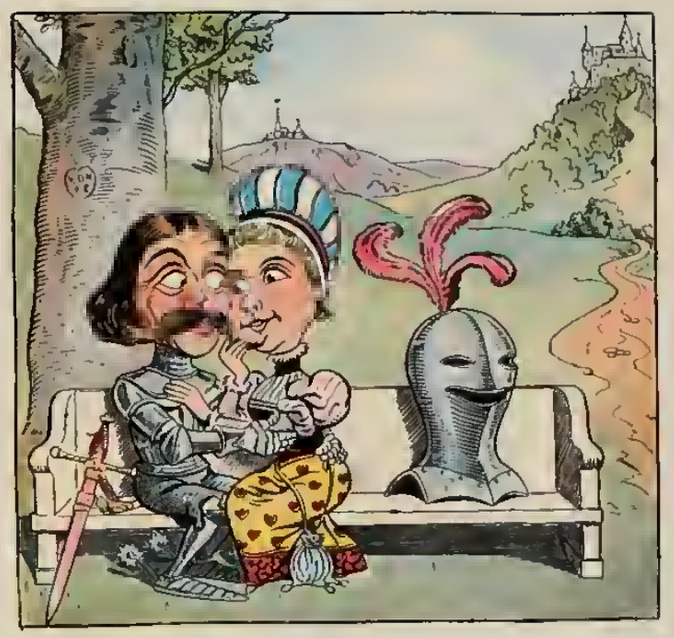


THE MISTRESS *after recovering from her faint.*—There! I will wager this is the best whipping you ever had in your life. I'll send you away this very day! The idea of a dog, a trained well-bred, to play a mean trick like that on an unprotected female! Away with you!

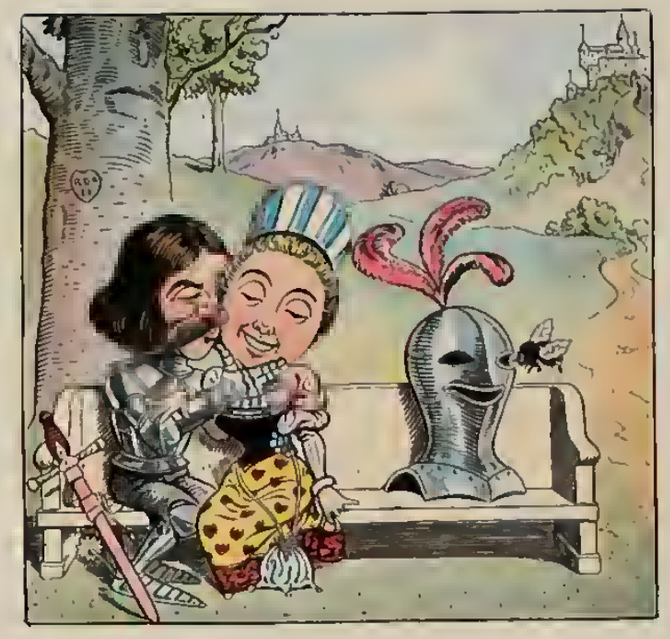
LOVE WILL FIND A WAY.

CLARA'S MAMA *(aside).*—Well, I guess I can leave the room for an hour or so. There is no possible chance of any love-making with his hands occupied in that manner, and not a chair in the room fit to act as a substitute

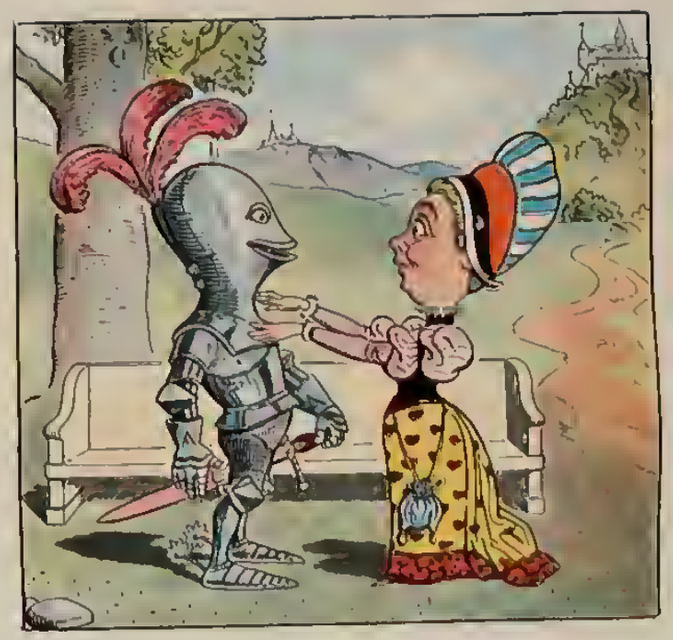
CLARA'S LOVER *three minutes later.*—Yes Clara dear, nothing is impossible to a true lover. Wind on, sweet one! Wind on!



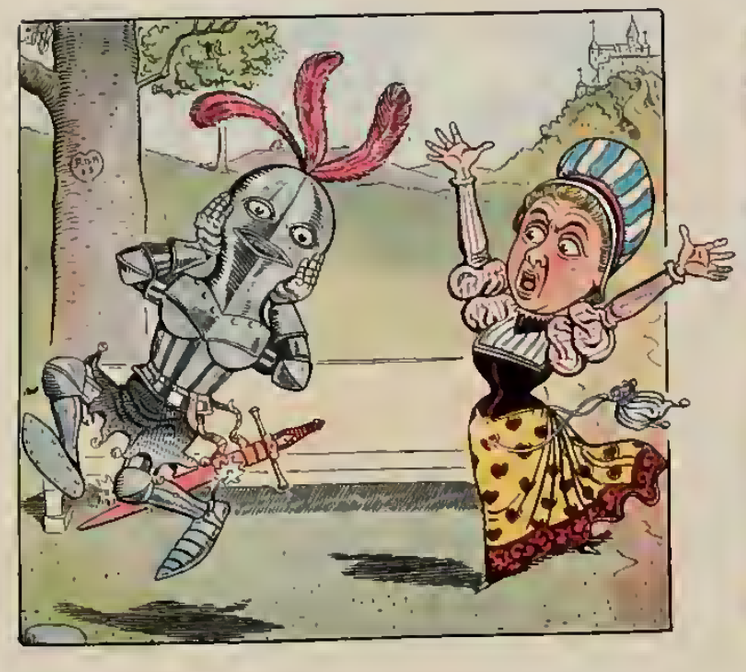
It was ye bold knyghte Bedivere,
All armoured for the fray;
Who paused to greet hys lady deere,
Which causéd him to stay



And while he klassed and clipt the lass,
Ye lyttle wanton Bee
Did hie within hys casque, alas!
To see wt he could see

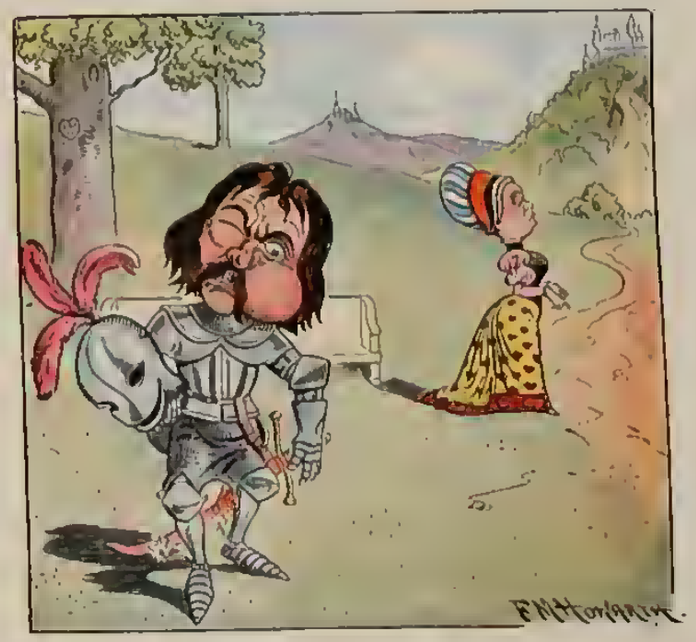


Then rose hym up, ye gallant knyghte,
"Oh, liever wold I stay,
Yette must I goe — then, damsel dight
Your champion for the fray!"



But sore amazed she was amain,
To see yt champion spring
Uppe to ye air, while cries of paloe
Didde from hys helmet ring.

He tears the casque from off hys head,
Greale pity 't was to see
Hys cheeks and eye all swollen red,
Alle bye yt lytlle Bee.



Ye dame in scorn mockeel at hys plight,
"You are a chump!" quoth she,
"And I will get another knyghte
Whose head unswelled shall be."

A BEE IN HIS BONNET.

AN EXPENSIVE EMBRACE.

I.

THE LOVER.—Ah! fair one! So near and yet so far! How I long for one sweet embrace!

II.

"Ah! Love will find a way. Here comes Cupid with assistance! I will get this Irishman to put me in his hod and raise me up to thee, oh, light of my life!"

III.

"Say! My good fellow, I will give you fifty cents if you will but raise me to yon balcony in your hod!"

IV.

PATRICK.—This is the easiest thing O'Ire struck for a long toime! Steady! There—now steady!

V.

THE LOVER.—Ah! darling, at last! What care I for means or expense, so long as I can clasp thee to my arms?

VI.

THE LOVER.—Hi, there! What do you mean? Didn't I pay you to put me up here?

THE FAIR ONE.—Oh, I wish! I hear Papa coming. You can't drop, you would break every bone in your body!

PATRICK.—Yez did pay me! I put yez up, but I did not nothin' about bringin' yez down. It'll cost yez folve dollars for the down trip!

"SOMETHING NEW ON THE CARPET."

VII.

THE LOVER.—Oh, sweet one! hold me lightly while I get five dollars out of my pocket for that brute! *There*, you wicked man!

VIII.

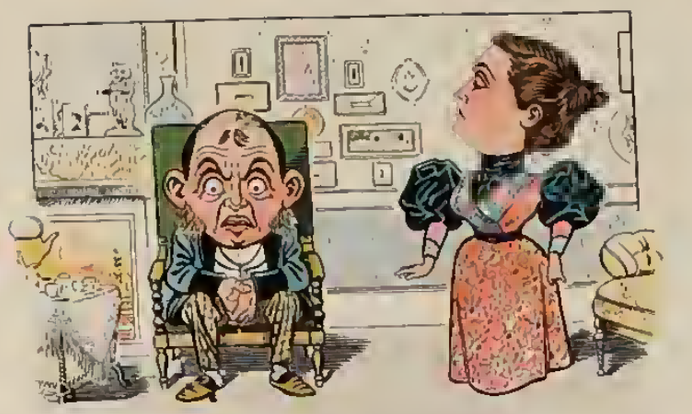
After touching the sidewalk.

"They say a man can live on lawr, I'll have to. That embrace cost me my lunch for a week."

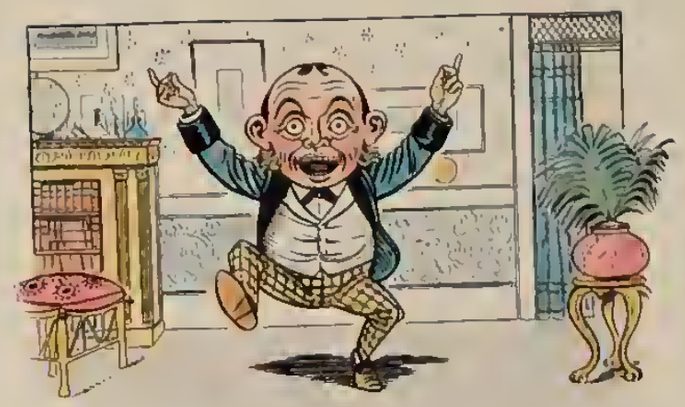
"NOT TO BE WINKED AT."

BINKS'S STRATEGY.

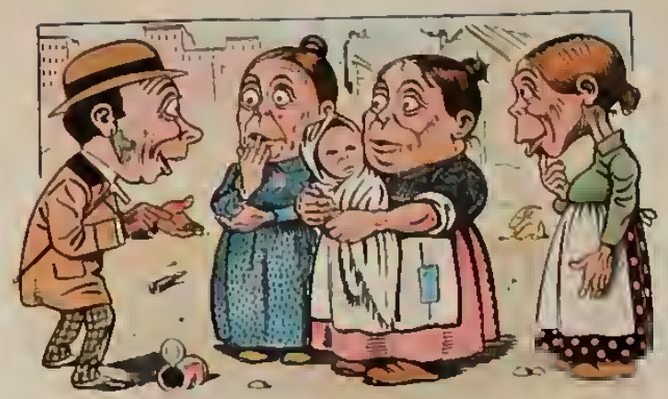
A Story of a New Seal-Skin Coat.



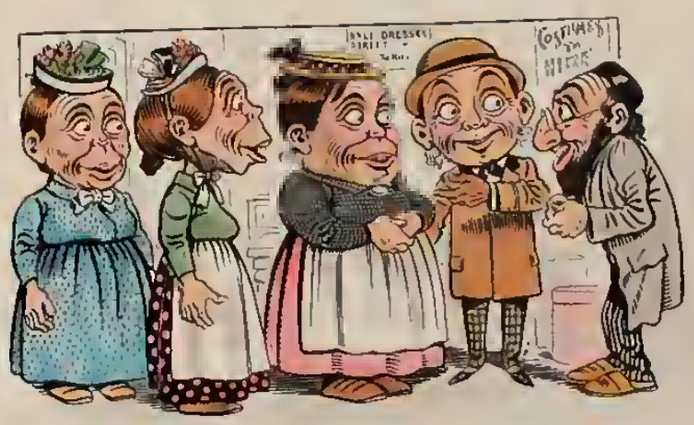
Mrs. Binks.—It is an outrage for you to refuse me a new seal-skin coat! Can't afford five hundred dollars! Bah! You lose twice that amount every year playing cards. I'm going to buy one next week, and you'll have to pay for it, too. Now, mind!



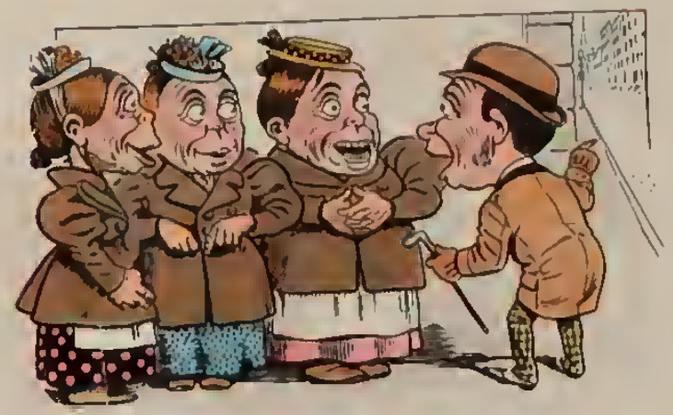
Mr. Binks.—Goodness me! What shall I do? If she says she will, she will; and I'll have to fool the bill, too. By Jove! I have a scheme!



Mr. Binks.—Yes, it will only take you ten minutes, and I will give you each a dollar. Now, come with me.

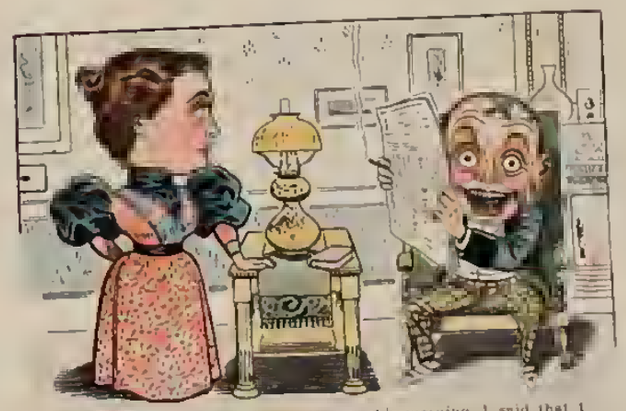


Mr. Binks.—Yes, Isaacs; I want you to lend these ladies each a seal-skin coat for half an hour. I will be responsible for them.



Mr. Binks.—Now, all I want you to do is to walk down that street, one after the other; come around the corner and meet me at the costumer's.

Mr. Binks.—By Jingo, this is rich! If that don't knock all the desire for a seal-skin out of Mary my name is not Bloks!

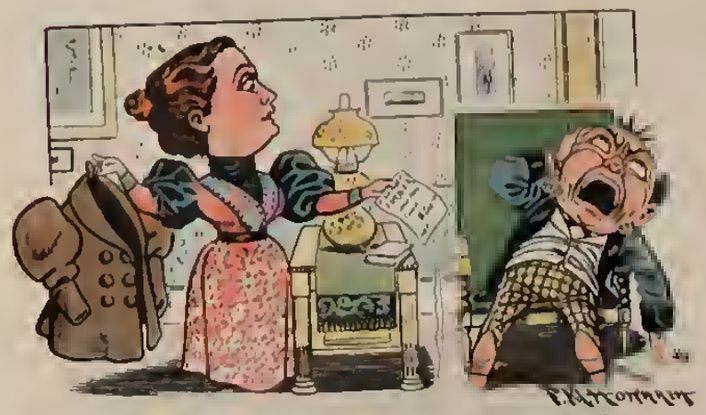


Mrs. Binks (*that evening*).—Henry, this morning I said that I wanted a seal-skin coat.

Mr. Binks (*aside*—*Oh, say! she has fallen into the trap like an angel!*).—Yes, dear!

Mrs. Binks.—And you said you could n't afford it.

Mr. Binks (*aside*—Oh! this is too easy!).—Yes, dear!



Mrs. Binks.—Well, this morning I saw three very poor-looking women go by here and each had a fine seal-skin coat on, and I thought that if such people as they could afford seal-skins so could we, so I went downtown this afternoon and bought one. Here it is—and here is the bill.

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

I.

MRS. GRIMBY.—Henry, before you come home this afternoon, I wish you would stop at the photographer's and get that crayon portrait of Mumm.—It has been finished two weeks.

II

MR. GRIMBY (*returning from the office*).—Confound mothers-in-law and their pictures, I say! The wrapping-paper is all coming off, too.

III

RED NOSE MIKE (*to his pal*).—Lay low, Bill! This feller 'll be dead easy, sure!

IV

RED NOSE MIKE AND HIS PAL.—Your money or your life!

"ON WITH THE DANCE."

V

MR. GRIMBY (*through his chattering teeth*).—Take this first kind men, and I'll get out my watch and purse!

VI

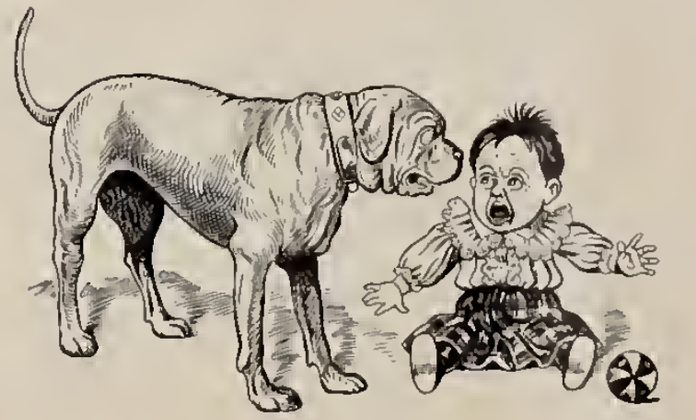
(*As the highwaymen disappear in the distance.*)—"That was a fortunate move! Poor fellows! I'll bet they are married men, too!"

A FREAK.

Only three years old, and is now weighing close to three hundred pounds.

THE PUP'S REVENGE.

THE PUP.—Oh! this is all right, but just you wait a year from now!



(*A year later.*) "Yes, you're the kid that used to hold me up by the tail about a year ago, ain't yer?"

"Well, now, how do you like it?"

THE UNEDUCATED BOA AND PROFESSOR STUFFER'S ELECTRICAL CONTRIVANCE.—ANOTHER CASE OF LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

THE SNAKE.—By my spotted hide! Here is a toothsome morsel!

"Don't be frightened sonny! I'll not hurt a hair of your head. I swallow my victuals whole.

"Yum, yum, yum! That went great!

As the PROFESSOR *touches the button*.—"Heavens and Earth! I've swallowed a thunder-storm!"

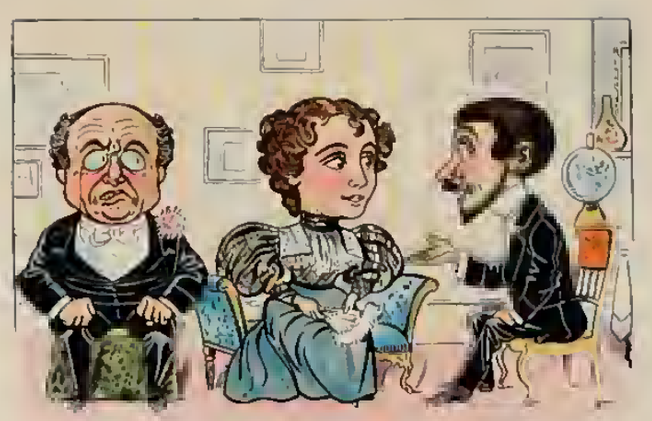
PROFESSOR STUFFER.—I tell you what, the smithsonian Institute did well when they sent me out to get them a new collection of *reptilia*.

HASTE MAKES WASTE.

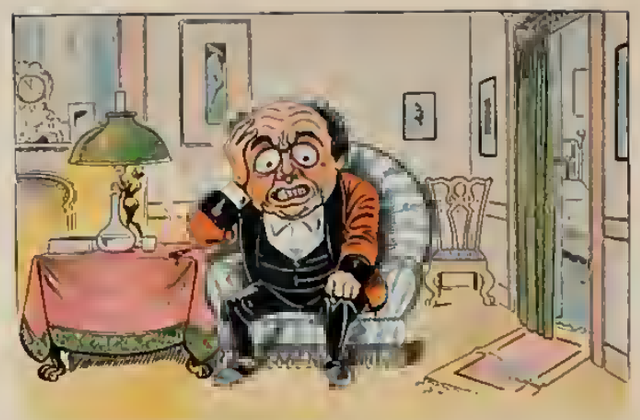
FARMER HARDACRE *(in wagon)*.—How de do, Jason? Goin' ter market? Jist jump in an' I'll give you a lift!

JASON.—That 's the slowest old nag, Hardacre, I ever seen!

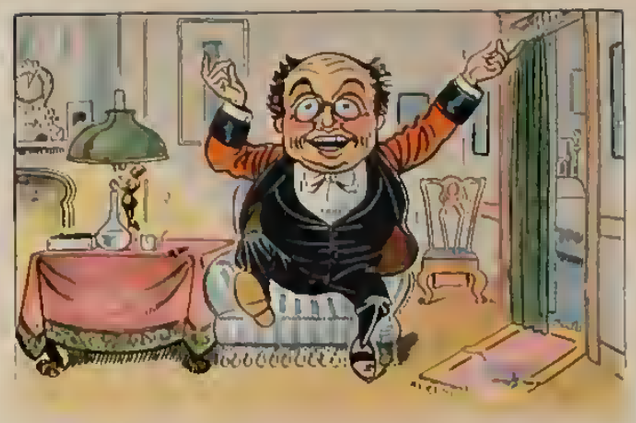
HARDACRE.—She is, hey? Get up there Dobbin!



OLD GOLDROX *(aside)*.—Confound it all! If that penniless artist comes around here much more he'll cut me out, with all my money! I'll have to get rid of him, somehow.



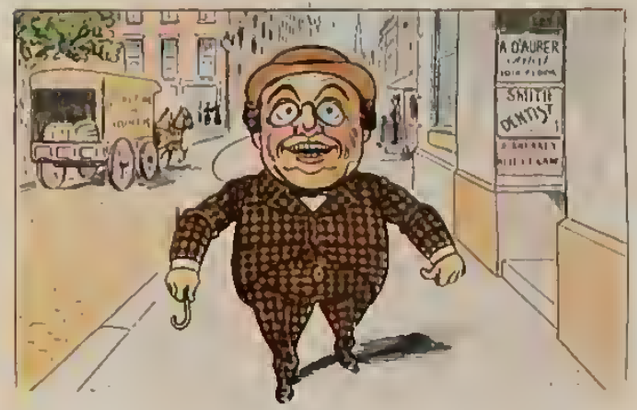
"I've done up many men in my life and I don't go to bed this night until I have evolved a plan to get that paint-slinger out of my way.



"By the Great Cresus! I have it! Now watch a brainy business man do up a bullet-headed painter.

"Mr. D'Auber, I have met you quite often at Miss Sweetman's and I have taken quite an interest in you and your work. Now, what you need is a trip to Europe, to study, and, as I understand you are penniless, I will give you five thousand dollars to pay the expenses of your trip, provided you leave on to-morrow's boat."

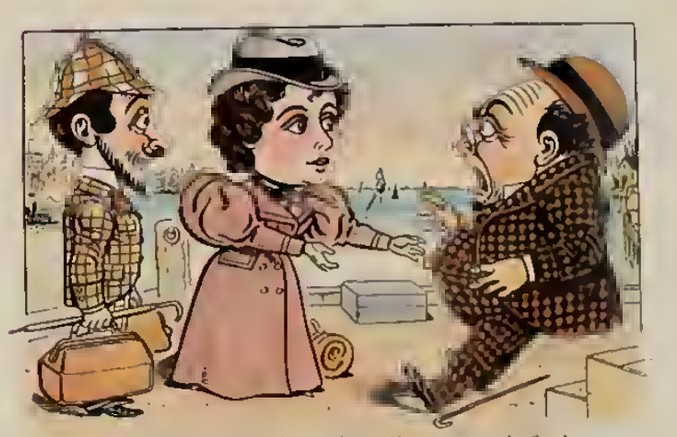
MR. D'AUBER *(enraptured)*.—Mr. Goldrox! Will I accept it? With all my heart! How can I ever thank you? My patron Saint! My Angel of Good Fortune!



MR. GOLDROX.—Oh! was n't that the easiest thing you ever saw in your life? He fell right into the trap with tears of gratitude. Now for the girl! Oh, I'm great! Money will do anything.

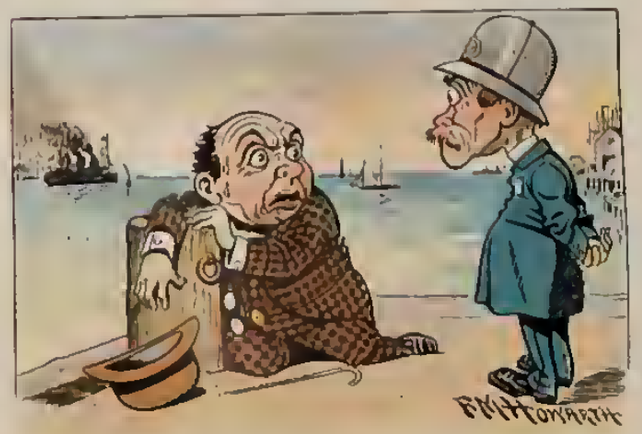
"Yes, Miss Sweetman, I have always been a patron of art and artists, and if I ever can do anything to help these poor devils along I am always glad to do it. He sails to-morrow. Will you be down to the dock?"

MISS SWEETMAN.—Oh! you dear, darling, noble man! How can he ever repay you? Yes; I will be down to the dock.



MR. GOLDROX.—Good morning, Miss Sweetman! Good morning, Mr. D'Auber! Why, Miss Sweetman, one might think, from your costume, that you were going abroad, too!

MISS SWEETMAN.—And so I am, Mr. Goldrox! Mr. D'Auber and I were married last evening. How can we ever thank you for giving us the assistance for the consummation of our happiness!

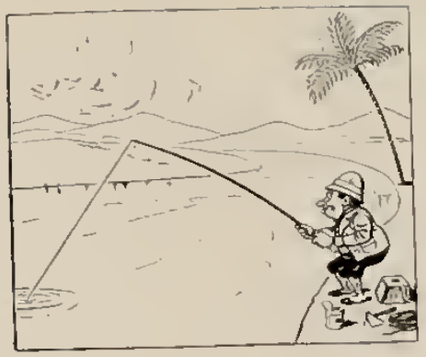


MR. GOLDROX *as the boat steams down the Bay!*—Officer, will you kindly call a hack or an ambulance? No; I am not at all intoxicated.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

A STRATEGETICAL BOOMERANG; OR, HOW THE ENEMY FURNISHED THE SINEWS OF WAR IN THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

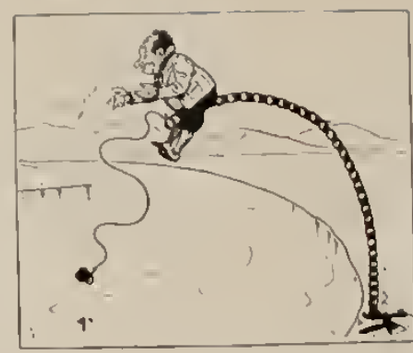
"WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."—A FISH STORY.



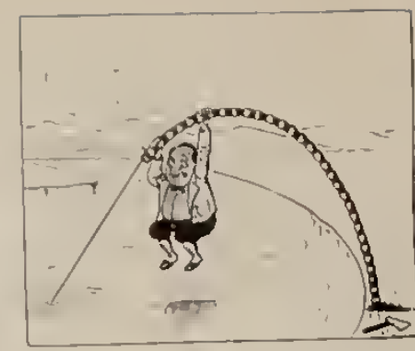
I.

V.

VI.

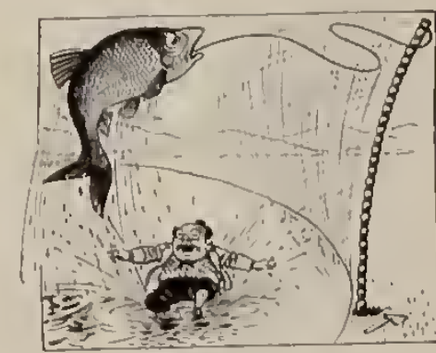


VII.

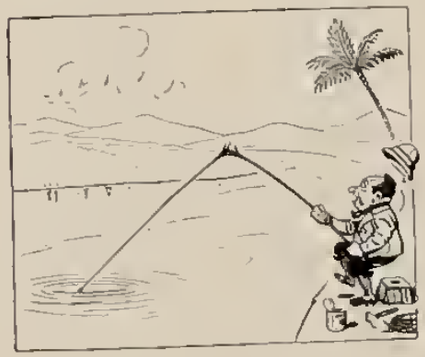


VIII.

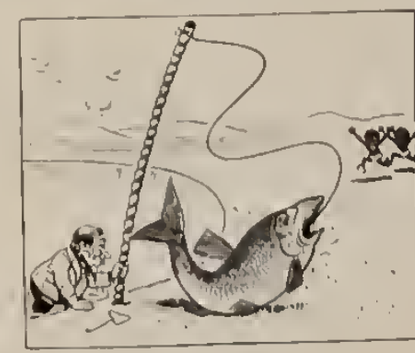
II.



IX.

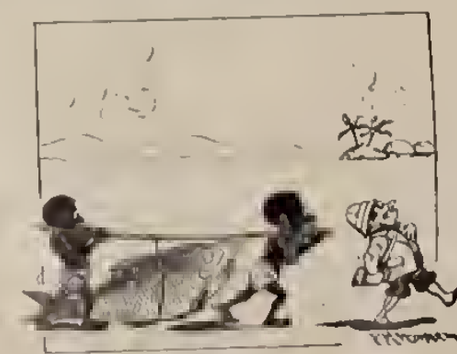


III.



X.

IV.



XI.

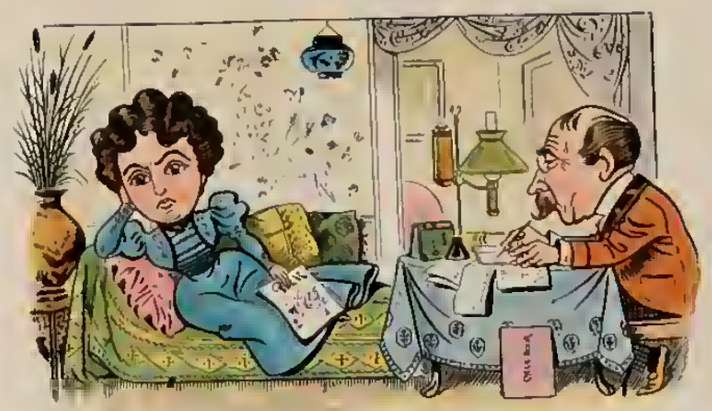
TOO ACCOMMODATING.

I.

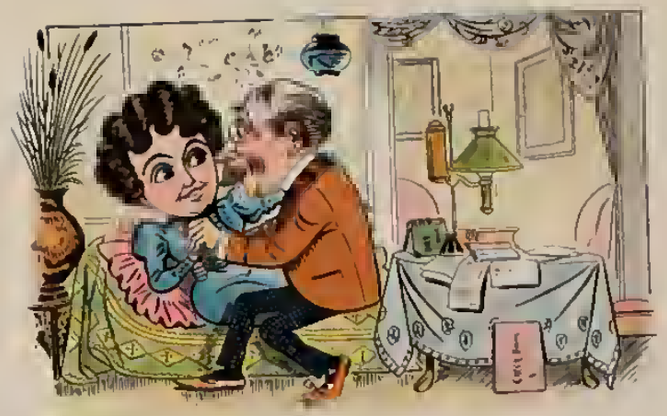
Mr. Short.—Aw! me good fellah, can you tell me where Canal Street is?

II.

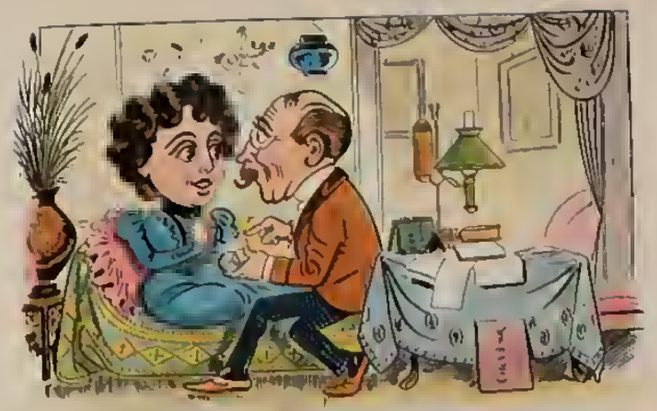
The Good Man.—Certainly, sir! That's it; right down there!



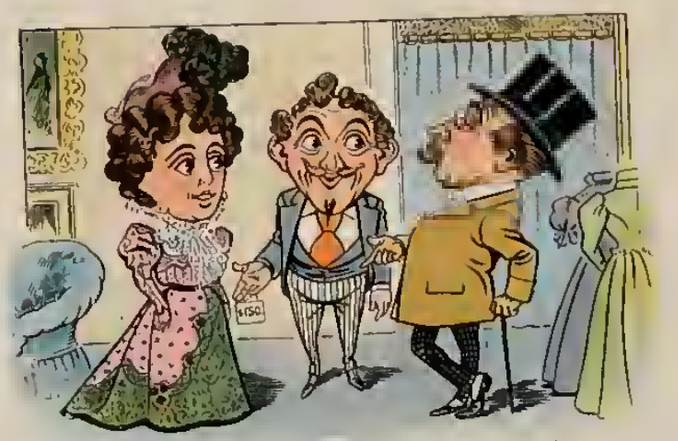
MRS. BOWERS.—There is more truth than poetry in many of these jokes. These humorous sketches about husbands objecting to milliners' and dressmakers' bills are only too true. I am half-afraid to say anything to Charles about my wants this Spring.



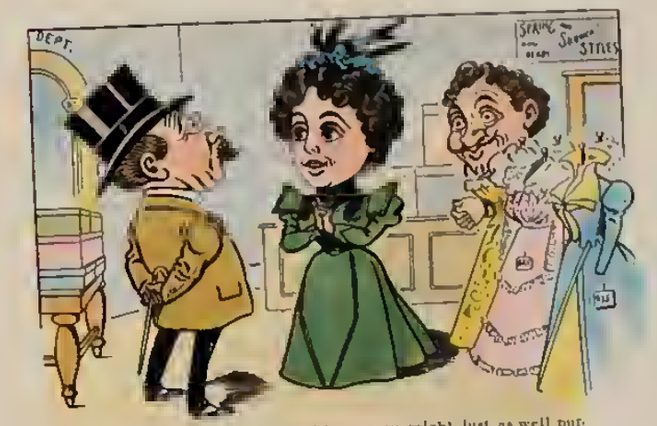
MR. BOWERS.—Clara, you look worried. What is the matter, dear? You have been reading those jokes in that paper about mean and cruel husbands, I know. Well now, come! Remember, all husbands are not alike.



"See this big roll of money! Well, I will go out with you to-morrow, and we will buy you everything you care to have. Your Spring costume will fall those of everyone of your neighbors in the shade



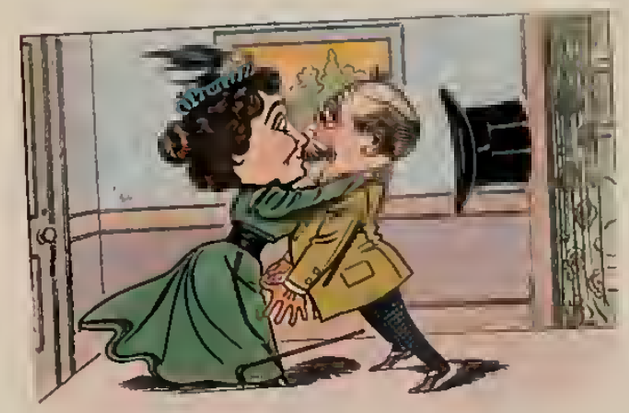
"Oh! don't stand for a difference of thirty or forty dollars, Clara! You know when I do a thing I do it right. You look lovely in that dress.



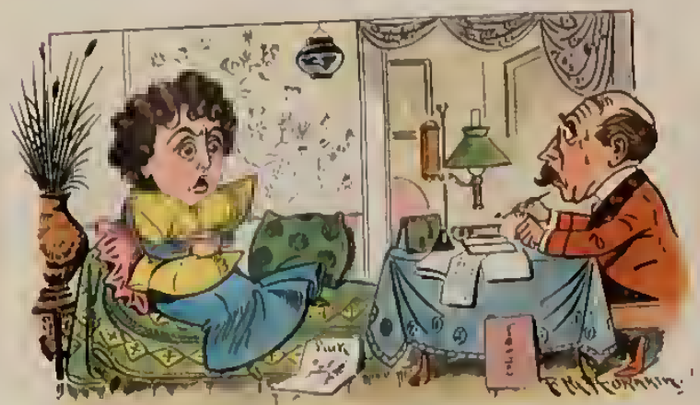
"Certainly. While I am with you you might just as well purchase your Summer gowns. Now, be liberal with yourself and get something *fine!* Remember, I am not one of the men who are made in a joke foundry.

"Most assuredly you can make your purchases of lingerie, now. Get it good, for I think a woman should not be well dressed only on the outside.

"Yes, I like that seventy-five dollar hat much better than the fifty-dollar one. Take it. I am going to hurl that mean husband falsehood back in those joke-makers' teeth. I am!"



MRS. BOWERS (*on their arrival home*).—Oh! you dear, good, sweet, kind darling! I could squeeze the life out of you. Those joke-writers don't know *every* man, do they, dear?



MR. BOWERS (*as* MRS. BOWERS *awakes with a start from her dream*).—For heaven's sake, Clara! What is the matter with you? Why don't you go to bed instead of lying there laughing out loud in your sleep and trying to strangle that pillow? How do you suppose I am going to figure out how to meet that note coming due next week, with you going on in that manner?

AN OLD JOKE REFUTED.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN

AN EXPENSIVE CATCH.

CLARA.—Oh, Mr. Handy! See that beautiful butterfly! Oh! *please* catch it for me!

MR. HANDY.—Why, certainly, Miss Clara! I am an expert at catching butterflies. Now see me catch him at the first swipe!

MISS CLARA.—Oh, Mr. Handy! It is too bad you missed him!
MR. HANDY *grimly*.—Yes!

NOT SO GOOD.

MR. KNOWITALL *angrily*.—What do you mean by standing around here like so many stiffs, and letting the water squirt all over everything? Make way for a man with brains!

"It's easy enough to stop such a flood! Now hand me that rag!
SERVANT.—Which rag, sir—where?

MR. KNOWITALL. *about mudfolk, pointing*.—Why, there you dumb—

THE FUNNY BOYS, THE TERRORIZED CANINE, AND THE MAN WHO CHANGED HIS MIND.

THE MAN.—Ha! ha! ha! Well, if that isn't good! What will not the rising generation be up to? When I was a boy, we only tied tin cans to dogs' tails; now they tie broomsticks

"But I must n't let anyone see me laughing. Oh! Ha! ha! Ho! ho! This carries me back to my childhood

THE DOG.—Low bridge!

THE MAN.—

"Girls are all right; but if I ever am the father of a boy I'll keep him in a straight-jacket!"

OBLIGING, BUT CARELESS.

STRANGER.—Can you tell me where Mr. Subbubs lives?

THE NEW BOY.—Yas, Sah! He libs right in dat house dar.

"IS SHE NOT PASSING FARE?"

Two Gentlemen of Leisure.

"WHEEL AND WOE."

WHY THE SALE WAS NOT CONSUMMATED.

INTENDING PURCHASER.—Now, just one more stroke of your brush, and I'll take the picture at your own price.

ARTIST *turning around in delight.*—Oh! thank you, sir!——

——!——!——!——!